

LIFE



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

DECEMBER 14, 1936 **10** CENTS

Advertisement

TIME AND CHRISTMAS WAIT FOR NO MAN

Santa is no mind reader, so give him a helping hand this Christmas. Select the Hamilton you'd like to own (your jeweler will show you a wide selection), and drop a tactful word to the "right person." Every Hamilton has 17 or more fine jewels; is cased in the highest quality platinum, solid gold or gold filled. Hamilton Watches are equipped with Elinvar hairsprings, safeguarding them against magnetic currents, temperature variations, rusty hairsprings. (Exclusive licensee under U. S. Elinvar patents.) Hamilton accuracy is also protected by the Time-Microscope (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.). Hamilton Watch Company, 891 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.



Beauty: Not only in transportation, science and business, but in the social world of the busy debutante is accurate time essential. The new wrist Hamiltons for women are as beautiful as they are true.



Split seconds: "The March of Time" is on the air! Every second is numbered as the world's news is broadcast. And, of course, the radio director in the control room keeps one eye on his Hamilton Watch.



Clippers: Thousands of miles across the sea in all kinds of weather, yet China Clippers schedule their arrival time as closely as the arrival of the Twentieth Century in Chicago. A miracle of accurate timing! And aviators, like railroad men, prefer Hamilton Watches.



LEFT TO RIGHT: MARTHA. 17 jewels. 14k gold filled, white or natural yellow, \$47.50. SANDRA. 17 jewels. 14k solid gold, white or natural yellow, \$55. WATSON. 17 jewels. 10k gold filled, natural yellow only. With applied gold numeral dial, \$40. With black enamel dial, \$37.50. Hamilton offers a complete line of men's strap watches curved to fit the wrist. Shown here is the BOONE. 17 jewels. 14k gold filled, natural yellow only. Two-tone gilt dial (shown), \$50. Applied gold numeral dial, \$52.50. (Hamilton Watches range in price from \$37.50 to \$1500.)

HAMILTON
the Watch of Railroad Accuracy

COLDS

go quicker when you do these two things:



Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

"WHEN A COLD comes your way," modern physicians will tell you, "you can often throw it off more quickly by doing certain simple things." Here are two "first steps" to take:

1. Cleanse the intestinal tract.

2. Help Nature combat the acidity that frequently accompanies a cold.

You can do both these things at once by taking *Sal Hepatica*! For not only does this mineral salt laxative cleanse the intestines—quickly, gently, thoroughly—but *Sal Hepatica* also helps Nature fight acids in the system and restore a safe margin of alkaline reserve.

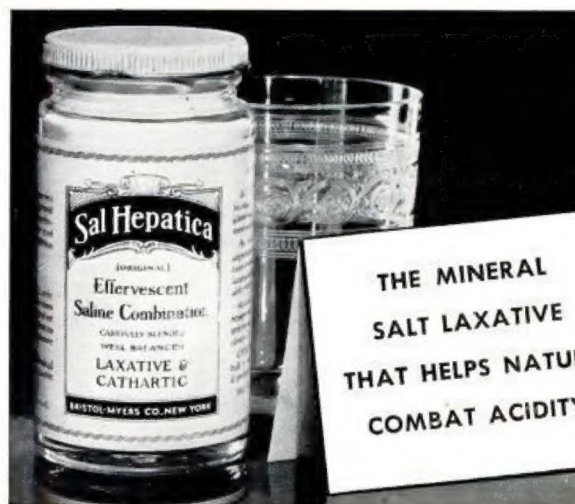
Ask your doctor—see if he doesn't stress

the importance of taking both a laxative and an anti-acid in treating a cold.

Be modern—fight a cold the modern way

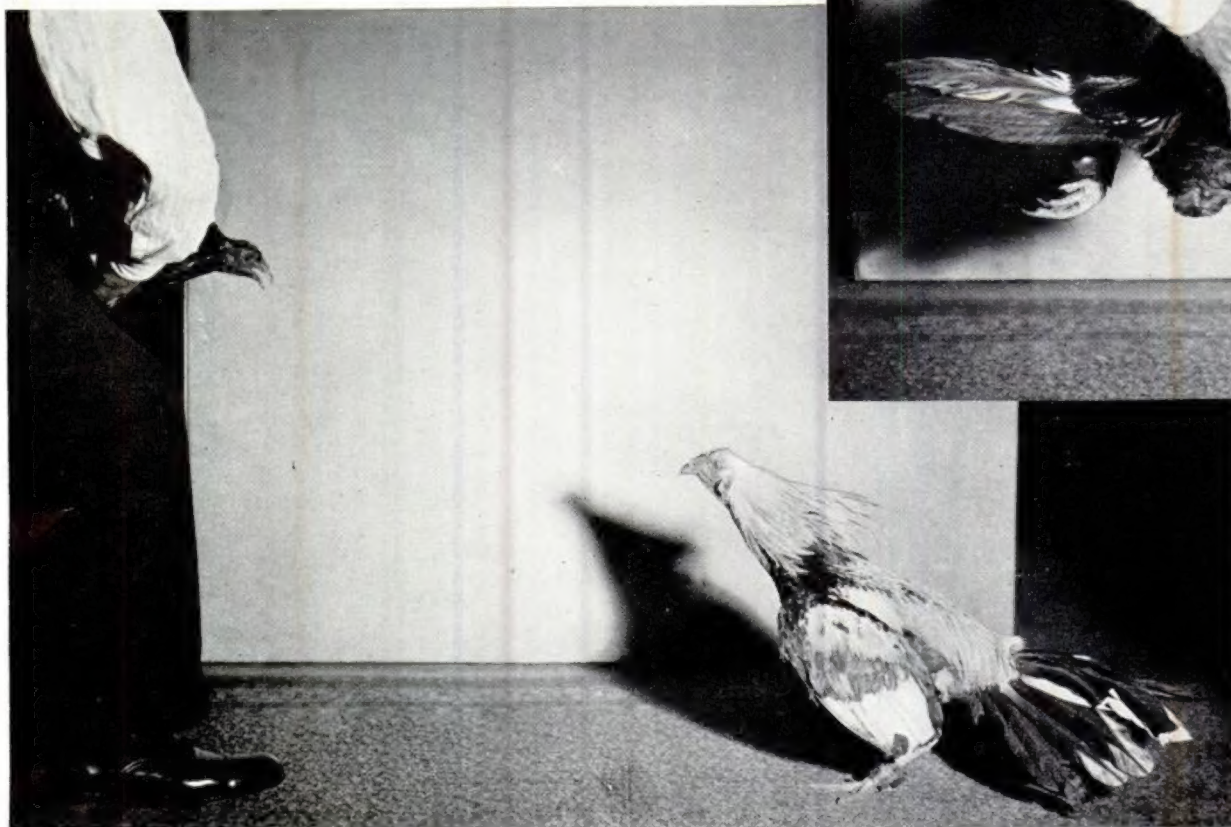
So whenever a cold comes your way, take two teaspoonfuls of *Sal Hepatica* in a glass of water. In addition, get plenty of rest and quiet—go to bed and call a doctor if your cold is severe. Watch your diet. Drink plenty of liquids. You'll find it pays to fight a cold the modern way. Get a bottle of *Sal Hepatica* today.

TUNE IN: Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight"—Full hour of music, drama, amateurs, fun. Every Wed. night—N. B. C.—coast to coast.



2 Before the second cock is pitted, the first strikes.

1 One fighting cock waits for his opponent to be set down.



SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

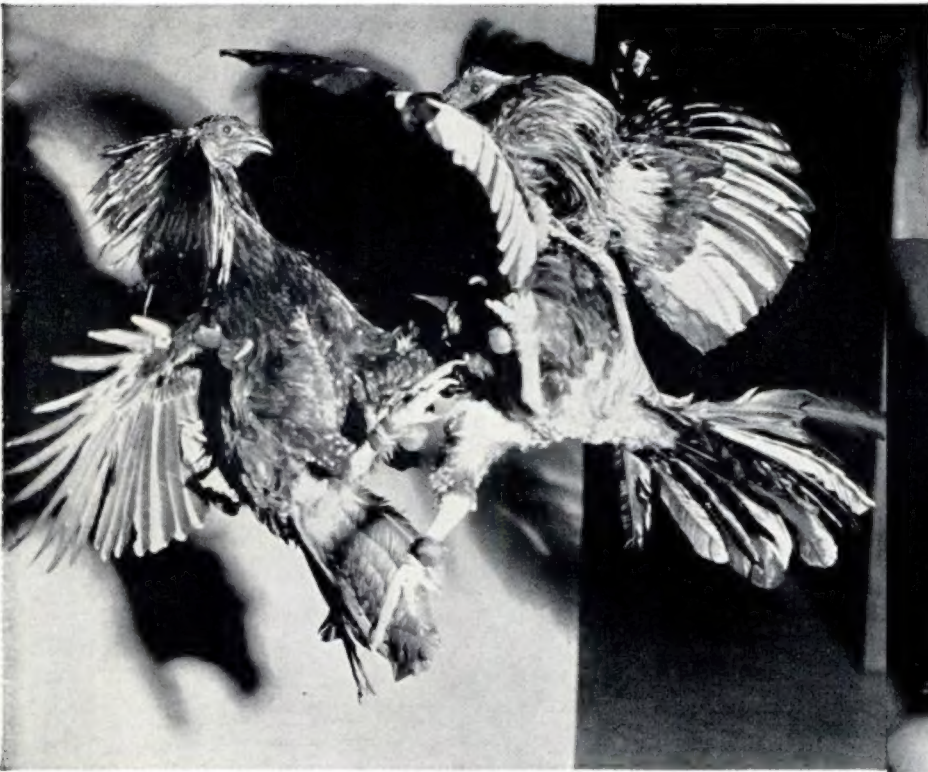
UNTIL these pictures were taken, nobody had ever really seen a cockfight because the action was too fast for the human eye. In order to get this series in which the details of the cocks' technique may be clearly seen, an exposure of $1/100,000$ th of a second was used. Such enormous photographic speed is obtainable only with the stroboscopic camera which was invented and built by Dr. Harold E. Edgerton of Massachusetts Institute of Technology in association with Kenneth J. Germeshausen and Herbert E. Grier. Most people have seen other pictures taken with this camera: the golf ball flattened out of shape by the impact of a club head; the football deeply indented by the kicker's toe; the humming bird poised apparently motionless over a flower. In this laboratory cockfight the birds are in deadly earnest, but their sharp spurs are covered with leather muffs to keep them from tearing each other to pieces.

The stroboscopic camera gets its pictures at $1/100,000$ th of a second not by having a shutter which clicks that fast, but by having the subject lighted by an intensely bright flash of light that lasts for only $1/100,000$ th of a second. Next to his camera, which itself costs only about \$40, Dr. Edgerton sets up a series of condensers. These store up a tremendous amount of electricity which is released in a flash lasting only

$1/100,000$ th of a second. The light given off in that infinitesimal time is equivalent in brightness to that given off by 40,000 fifty-watt electric light bulbs. Though the shutter of the camera is opened for $1/25$ th of a second, the flash of light is so intense that the only image retained on the film is the image of what took place during that $1/100,000$ th of a second. In taking these cocks Dr. Edgerton used an ordinary film pack, operated by hand. The result was a set of intermittent action shots, rather than a continuous slow-motion cinema record.

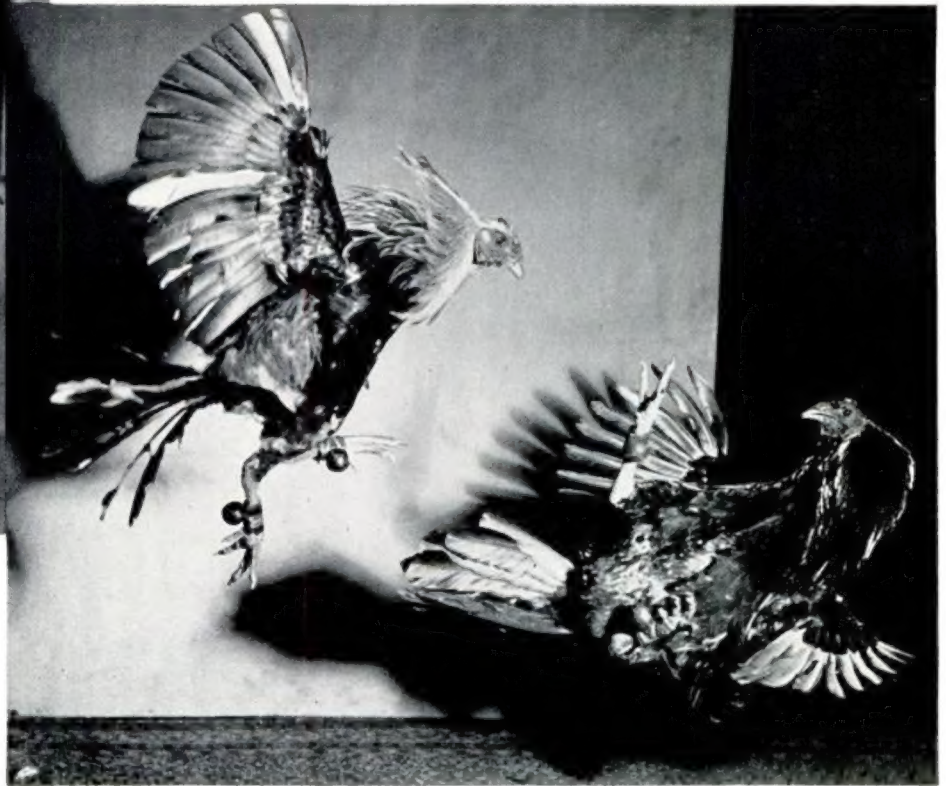
LIFE is glad to publish these cockfight pictures as good specimens of scientific photography, hopes to publish more stroboscopic camera photographs in coming issues. It would like to invite all photographers who take pictures at $1/50,000$ th or $1/100,000$ th of a second to submit their work for publication, but its editors know of only three or four cameras in the world equipped for such high-speed work. Amazingly good and revealing action shots can be taken with cameras whose fastest shutter speed is $1/300$ th of a second. Many a photographer has exceptional photographs taken at this and even slower speeds. To the best of these, LIFE opens its pages, urging photographers to submit their high-speed work for publication.

For some photographs-to-the-editor which have nothing at all to do with the stroboscopic camera, turn the page.



3 The stroboscopic camera catches their mid-air combat.

4 One cock rolls backward as the other pounces.



... This is a cock fight



5 Together they spring off the floor, collide in mid-air.



6 Stunned by the collision, one cock is down, the other striking with both muffs.



SHE SHOWED WOMEN HOW TO GO *Smiling Through*

Everyone knows Lydia Estes Pinkham and her famous Vegetable Compound.

But few realize the courage it required to offer its benefits to womankind.

For those were the days when women were not the equal of men. When many thought that the use of ether was sinful. When the idea of relieving the suffering of women was dismissed with the statement: "Women were meant to suffer."

It took real fortitude to defy this tradition.

But Lydia Pinkham knew the effectiveness of her compound. For more than ten years she had been giving it away free to all who needed it. For ten years she had seen women come to her door, women harassed with the ordeals of their sex and pleading for relief. First her own neighbors; then women from all sections of her home town; finally travelers from the neighboring cities all around.

So she began to sell her preparation in order that she might have the money to advertise it

to *all* women, and inform them of its virtues.

What a furore that created! To talk in public print about the ordeals that women face! It was unthinkable! No wonder they sang songs about her compound! But then, the pioneer is always ridiculed.

Lydia Pinkham, however, would not be discouraged. Slowly her efforts bore fruit. More and more, women began to tell others how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was proving helpful and beneficial, how it enabled them to go smiling through the ordeals of their sex.

Today the compound is in use wherever humans dwell. Increasing millions are using it gratefully—young girls cross-

ing the threshold to womanhood, wives preparing for motherhood, women approaching "middle age." And Lydia E. Pinkham's genuine greatness is finally being recognized.

Lydia Pinkham was a pioneer. She held to her vision and battled to make her dream come true.

Today her work is being carried on in a great laboratory occupying six modern buildings. But the real monument to her memory consists of the millions of letters written to her by women in every walk of life—women who had found relief from pain—letters of gratitude to one who had had the courage to deny that "women were meant to suffer."

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts* which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals of Woman

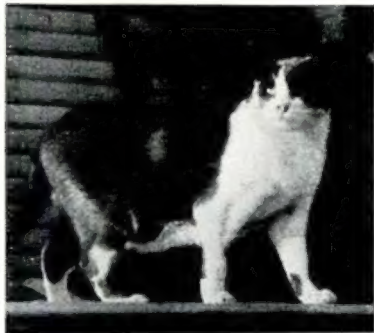
1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

*functional disorders

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

LIFE HEARS FROM ITS READERS



Old Cat

Sirs:

Life No. 1 to hand. It is a hum-dinger worth a lot of real money. Kept me up all night looking it over, finally to study.

As a compliment I enclose you a photo of my family cat named "Skaggs," eighteen years, wt. 18 lbs. Some cat!

More power to your elbow, you have a new find in newspaperdom.

A. J. KAPRON,
Captain, U.S.A., Retired
San Francisco.

LIFE gladly prints the aged Skaggs, first cat to come to LIFE's offices from a reader. But LIFE is already overrun with pets and begs its other readers to keep their cats, dogs, rabbits, birds, snakes and horses at home, until further notice.

Philadelphia Picture

Sirs:

Would a newspaper paint in a sailor's tooth and detract from a fine picture? Maybe.

Would LIFE blacken a sailor's tooth to enhance a good picture and make the resemblance to Winston Churchill more striking? Maybe.

FRED G. KIEFER
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Associated Press picture of a British sailor, with an upper right tooth missing, was distributed to clients. LIFE printed it as it was (see below, right). The Philadelphia Inquirer, fearful of offending its dental advertisers, painted in the sailor's missing tooth (below, left).



California Fun

Sirs:

After the annual Big Game rally before the California-Stanford game (Nov. 21), five thousand University students ran berserk through the streets of Berkeley, disabling street cars, blocking traffic, and building fires at almost every intersection . . . Materials for the fires



were gathered from restaurants, trash piles, nearby fences, and a flower stand. The Berkeley fire department responded to the various alarms, extinguished the fires, and moved on to the next one.

Everything "red" was taken down. One of my photographs shows the removal of the glass cover of a street light, above a fire alarm box, which had a red band around it. California Co-eds forgetful enough to wear red socks or scarfs willingly responded to shouts of "Take it off, take it off!" The rioting lasted till 1:00 in the morning. Spirit worked up enabled us to give Stanford a good 20-0 trouncing.

MAURICE J. CURTIS
Richmond, Calif.

This is the kind of news photography LIFE welcomes. If Contributor Curtis had taken the whole university riot in narrative sequence, LIFE would have gladly printed it in full. A suggestion: Let two or three amateurs team up to cover such a news scene from all angles.



FOR
Christmas

84 PROOF

HENNESSY Cognac Brandy has graced Yuletide boards for two centuries . . . the world over. As your after-dinner liqueur, enjoy its wonderful flavour, bouquet and "clean taste." Mark it on your gift list, and also don't neglect having your own supply in time for kitchen use in the mince pie and the plum pudding.



HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY

SOLE U. S. AGENTS, Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

<p>Editors of LIFE Sirs:</p> <p>LIFE is stupendous! If your future issues are as vitally alive, the magazine ought to sweep the country. Your subscribers ought to number millions.</p> <p>JOHN O. WALTNER WICHITA, KANSAS</p>	<p>Editors of LIFE Sirs:</p> <p>LIFE is great. My arm is sore holding the pen writing to relatives, friends and acquaintances to get it.</p> <p>MARGARET STEVENSON-HAWKEY BOOTHBAY HARBOR, MAINE</p>	<p>Editors of LIFE Sirs:</p> <p>I congratulate you on the marvelous success of LIFE. You have again hit on a great idea. I hear words of praise from many sources for the first two issues. I think it is a marvelously interesting magazine.</p> <p>ARTHUR CAPPER U. S. SENATOR</p>
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To John O. Waltner of Wichita, Kansas — an open letter

To you and the thousands of LIFE's Charter Subscribers and early newsstand buyers our thanks—thanks for your letters of praise, for your subscription checks, for your single copy purchases of LIFE which, for three weeks running, have taken every copy off the nation's newsstands.

Well we know that we owe LIFE's sensational send-off to your early support and word-of-mouth advertising.

No new magazine's editors ever received such a heartening start as you have given us.

We will try to return the interest you have so strikingly expressed by making LIFE better and better as each week passes.

The Editors

<p>The most superb picture magazine I have ever seen. You have admirably succeeded in just what you set out to do, not only to print interesting pictures but to put over a definite news story as well.</p> <p>EDWIN BLOORY, SHAMOKIN, PA.</p> <p>First copy of LIFE surely is a marvel in workmanship, news value as well as art. You have accomplished more than I could ever imagine.</p> <p>ALBERT HESS, PUBLISHER ARCADIA WISCONSIN LEADER</p> <p>Like LIFE? Briefly and emphatically, Yes!</p> <p>EARL F. GATES, MIDDLEBOROUGH, MASS.</p> <p>"LIFE" is the magazine par-excellence for the doctor's waiting room.</p> <p>DR. DAVID LEWIS, BOSTON</p>	<p>I believe this \$3.50 will turn out to be the richest stake of the year.</p> <p>JOSEPH DEPHOURE COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHER</p> <p>It's magnificent! It is the answer to a crying need, in this rushing world—a segregation of the vital current events, made doubly impressive by living pictures.</p> <p>ALICE B. CULVER</p> <p>LIFE is magnificent. I predict it will be the biggest magazine success of the decade.</p> <p>RICHARD SIMON SIMON AND SCHUSTER, INC.</p> <p>... If it succeeds as thoroughly as your first edition promises, LIFE will profoundly influence all journalism.</p> <p>EDWARD A. RUHFEL, MANAGING ED. BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE</p>	<p>It's the first time I ever bought a "pig in a bag" and received double value for my money. I'm sending the subscription price quick before the public shows you that you should advance the price.</p> <p>CLARA M. BLANCHARD NEW BEDFORD, MASS.</p> <p>Words cannot express my appreciation and amazement. It is all you announced it would be and then some. The family is simply wild about it. It is indeed something new, something different. I'll acclaim it everywhere, any time and all the time.</p> <p>ANDREW J. ZIMMERMAN, JR. NEWARK, N. J.</p> <p>... Congratulations on a really stunning achievement!</p> <p>DR. PALMER FINDLEY, OMAHA, NEB.</p>	<p>All my family are enthusiastic about it. My two daughters of school age call it "Marvelous"—My husband thoroughly enjoyed every page—has looked it over three times, suggested keeping copies of it for the long distant future.</p> <p>MRS. ALBERT C. HAUSMAN ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI</p> <p>... This masterpiece of photography and work of your editorial staff will fill a gap which our hurried population will grasp at once.</p> <p>G. ARTHUR STANFIELD BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS</p> <p>The first number was much enjoyed—so much so I paid 12 cents postage to send it first class to a friend.</p> <p>COL. NATHAN DANA ELY, Rtd. WASHINGTON, D. C.</p>
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Editors of LIFE

Sirs:

It is fascinating. It's all the newsreels on your knee!

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Editors of LIFE

Sirs:

CONGRATULATIONS !!! for giving LIFE to Americans. I visited every news stand in town for a copy—to no avail, but finally, I succeeded in talking a friend out of hers.

It is the finest publication on the market, and puts many more expensive magazines to shame. I shall never miss an issue.

Please start my subscription immediately, and bill me for same.

MRS. GLENN HUNTER
PRESCOTT, ARIZONA

Editors of LIFE

Sirs:

I don't give a darn when Television now arrives, as with a copy of LIFE before you no one needs any further appeal to the eye on current events. And LIFE gives us many scenes that Television won't touch for a long time to come.

JAMES C. MOFFET
LOUISVILLE, KY.

We guessed 250,000, you bought over 400,000, newsdealers are asking for 200,000 more—

If everybody in the U.S. worked in a printing press, LIFE would not now be besieged with puzzled queries about why the presses don't simply add another 200,000 copies to their weekly output.

The point is that LIFE can be printed only by specially designed presses. If you saw the presses that turn out LIFE, you would see strange white over-structures on the black presses, you would see special fire-boxes generating the 400 degree heat through which LIFE's pages must pass to dry the extra-heavy inks on the extra-heavy paper. You would see many a device ordinarily used only to print costly magazines on a leisurely monthly schedule—all modified, re-designed to turn out a weekly magazine almost at newspaper speed.

LIFE's present equipment was more than sufficient to meet the editors' own estimates of their needs.

LIFE's present equipment just plain wasn't designed to take care of what actually happened. (See caption above.)

Every emergency effort is being made to print extra copies until the new presses begin running. In the meantime, LIFE's editors can only urge newsstand buyers to become newsstand early-birds.

My wife, after examining this first issue, voluntarily said, "I'm just crazy about that magazine." Women are hard to please these days, but your magazine will please the old and young of both sexes and I think it will be a fine thing for any doctor's reception table.

L. H. KEPFORD, D.C., ALVA, OKLA.

This is the first letter I have ever written to a publisher, during a life of continual magazine reading. The letter is prompted by my enthusiasm of your first issue of LIFE. My summation can be given in one word—THRILLING!

ALBERT J. SLAP, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

I made no mistake in subscribing sight unseen . . .

EDWARD KAYE, M.D.
RAY BROOK, N.Y.

I want to congratulate you on this new venture. When I opened LIFE, I experienced a new thrill. Your new show book of the world is the most artistic and exciting book I have in my library.

P. N. CONSTABLE, HOME SVCS. BANK
DURHAM, N. C.

It made a tremendous hit with the entire family. Frankly, it's been so much in demand at our house that the "old man" has hardly had a chance to get in his innings.

E. G. FRANK, VICE-PRES.
MARTIN ADVERTISING AGENCY

I have always enjoyed life, well done, half baked and in the raw; and the first issue of life-between-covers has more than met my expectations.

FAITH BALDWIN, NEW CANAAN, CONN.

LIFE certainly fills a want at home . . . What especially pleased me most was the fact that my four children practically fought to see it.

RALPH O. HALL, ATTORNEY
UPPER DARBY, PA.

The new magazine went beyond my greatest expectations . . . I would like to commend you highly, not only on the news and historic contents of LIFE, but upon the fine quality of its advertisements.

DR. L. M. HUMPHREY
UNIVERSITY OF ARKANSAS

As a commercial artist, hobbyist, amateur photographer, and something of a traveler, I believe I can qualify as an 'amateur critic' and wish to state I think the first issue of LIFE is a *WOW*.

MARVIN W. AURINGER

It is "more than one could think to ask." I have decided to share my copies with friends in smaller cities.

GERTRUDE M. CARROLL, CHICAGO

It is certainly the most spectacular publication I have seen. LIFE eclipses even the finest of such foreign magazines and America should be proud of such a notable contribution to its art and letters.

JIMMY ENRIGHT, ST. PAUL, MINN.

I am quite confident this magazine is going to be a very powerful medium of advertising.

MAURY HOPKINS,
WILSON & CO., CHICAGO

The second issue of LIFE was even better than the first, I thought. That is saying a good deal.

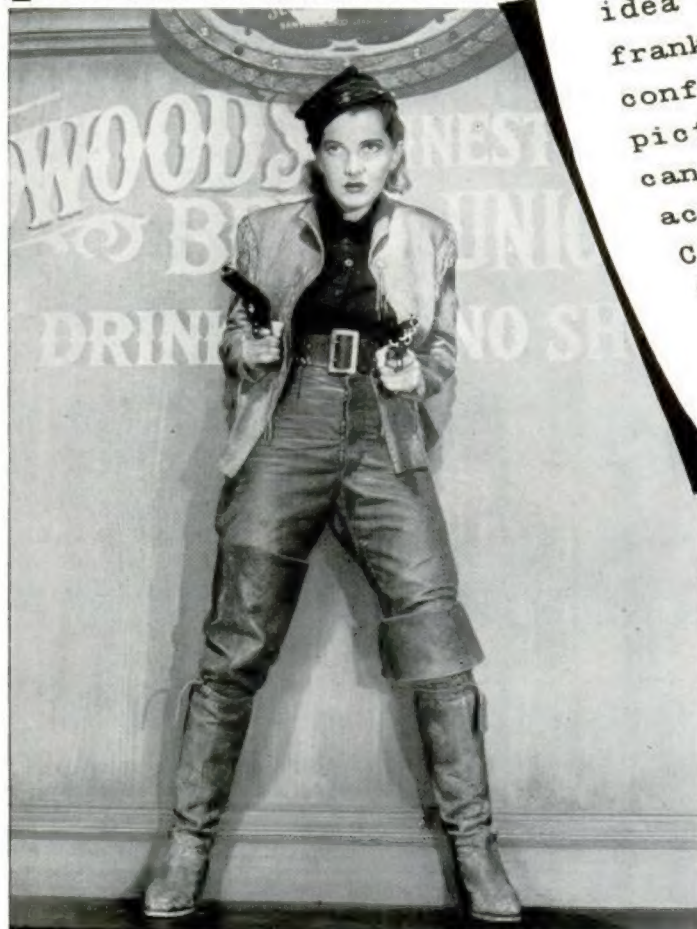
JOHN COWLES, DES MOINES, IOWA

THE PLAINSMAN

Preparing to film the life story of Buffalo Bill Cody, Hollywood's master spectacle builder, Cecil B. DeMille, read, re-read the story of Wild Bill Hickok, and Calamity Jane. As a result, DeMille's newest production for Paramount has fan favorites Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur re-living the romance of those two hardbitten characters of the post-bellum West against a Remington background of Indian fighting and pioneer pageantry.



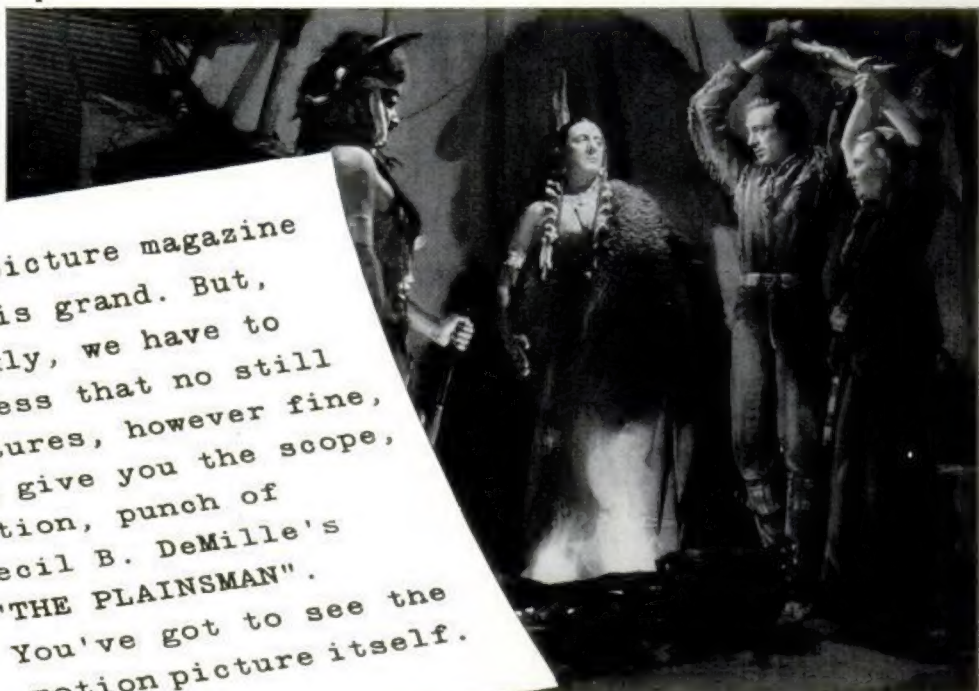
2 General Custer takes his orders from Chief of Staff DeMille while Wild Bill Hickok kibitzes.



4 She could lick her weight in wild cats and shoot straighter than any man but Wild Bill himself: Calamity Jane.



1 Back from the war comes Wild Bill Hickok to start a private war with Calamity Jane.



3 Climax: Wild Bill and Calamity Jane, captured by the Sioux, face torture by fire.



5 Masters of the Plains, Wild Bill Hickok (Gary Cooper) and Buffalo Bill (James Ellison).



6 A typical incident: Wild Bill battles one of the thousands of Indian braves.

This picture magazine idea is grand. But, frankly, we have to confess that no still pictures, however fine, can give you the scope, action, punch of Cecil B. DeMille's "THE PLAINSMAN". You've got to see the motion picture itself.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT WINS A CONTINENT, LOSES A FRIEND

BENEATH an orchid bouquet in the Itamaraty Palace at Rio de Janeiro sits Gus Gennerich, onetime New York detective, constant bodyguard and loyal friend of Franklin Roosevelt. Across the hall the President is banqueting. Dinnerless, Gus eyes his watch, keeps

"the Chief" on schedule. Six days later, when the triumphant South American trip was finished, "the Chief" had been acclaimed as the moral leader of the hemisphere. But Mr. Roosevelt was sad. In Buenos Aires Gennerich had died of a heart attack.

ROOSEVELT WINS A CONTINENT (CONTINUED)



Preparations for the visit of the American President kept Brazilian officials up far into the night. Above is Minister-of-War João Gomes manfully wrestling with typical Latin tangles of red tape.



Bright and early the *Indianapolis* docked at Rio de Janeiro. Lined up on the dock were the Presidential band (to right of gangplank) and schoolchildren (at left) singing *The Star Spangled Banner*.



"There is no American problem," President Roosevelt tells the Brazilian Congress, "which cannot be settled by peaceful means."



"Each one of us has learned the glories of independence. Now let each one of us learn the glories of interdependence."



He muffles a cough from the microphone. Notice the tiny "lapel mike" which allows him to gesture freely with his head.



At the end of the speech he listens to wave after wave of applause for the first U. S. President South Americans have ever liked.



Something new in the way of escort accompanied the President (bareheaded) on his ride through Rio's streets. These cockaded fellows are the motorcycle machine-gun unit of the crack Independence Dragoons.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF BRAZIL AND 5,000 ORCHIDS.

AT Rio de Janeiro President Roosevelt received the first of three tumultuous welcomes on his South American peace trip. From his landing at 9 o'clock one morning until his sailing at 10 that night, it was a day of cheers, applause, warm Latin embraces and roses flung into his open automobile. Even rain could not thin crowds which the crack mounted police had to force back with drawn sabers. Climax of the visit came when Mr. Roosevelt gave the Brazilian Congress a rousing speech, flung open his arms in the gesture of the Good Neighbor. That night the President sat among 5,000 orchids as the guest of Brazil's President Vargas at a banquet in Itamaraty Palace. In the picture above Mr. Roosevelt sips his wine, with Senhor Vargas to his left, the Papal Nuncio beyond.



"Two people invented the New Deal," said gracious Visitor Roosevelt. Here they are: Mr. Roosevelt and President Getulio Vargas of Brazil.



When Gus Gennerich looked into the banquet hall from his chair at the door, this is what he saw. The left chair-back belongs to President Vargas, the right one to Mr. Roosevelt.

At Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan



Great Lakes freighters were warned that an early freeze might trap them in the ice of St. Mary's River between Lakes Superior and Huron. The freighters, crammed with

the best cargoes since 1929, tried to beat the weather. Presently the temperature dropped to zero, with the result shown above. For two days the string of freighters

was held fast in six-inch ice, close to the locks of Sault Ste. Marie. In the nick of time, the cold snap ended, enabling tugs to break through and free the freighters.

In Lawrence, Kansas



This fire was plowed up by a farmer's son named Walter Heck. Walter was driving his father's tractor across an alfalfa field when his plow sliced through a temporary gas pipeline. The gas, ignited by a spark when the steel plowshare struck the pipe, flared up, enveloped tractor and plow in a sheet of flames, singed the seat of the overalls of fleeing Walter Heck.

In Washington



Late season forest fires, whipped by high winds, swept over western Washington and Oregon, left 13,000 acres of black trunks glowing in the night. One blaze turned on 30 CCC boys who thought they were putting it out, raced down a canyon on a 50-mile gale, chased the CCC boys as fast as they could run.

In Juneau, Alaska



Huddled below Mount Roberts on Gastineau Channel, the city of Juneau, capital of Alaska, lives in perpetual fear of landslides. On Nov. 22 the overhanging slope, already riddled by gold-mine shafts, had been further

weakened by a soaking rain. That night residents heard a terrible rumbling. Down the mountain slid an avalanche which crushed houses and stores, buried Juneau's main street (right) 20 feet deep in mud and rock. In

one apartment house the slide interrupted a dinner party, killed host and guests. It took firemen two days to dig out of the debris a little girl, who died soon after. Meanwhile they had found 14 corpses.

Lie-Down Strikes



In Reading, Pa., the nation-wide epidemic of "stay-in" and "sit-down" strikes culminated in a "lie-down." Flat on an icy sidewalk at the gate of the Berkshire Knitting Mills, pickets resisted tear gas, did not budge until police arrested 56.



In Cumberland, Md., Strikers camped outside the plant of the Celanese Corp. of America. They closed the plant, seriously wounded a foreman, in two weeks brought the company to terms.



In Detroit, the United Automobile Workers Union, out to cripple the automobile industry by shutting off its parts, called a successful "sit-down" at the Midland Steel Products Co. Workers slept on their machines.

Secretary's Smash-Up



Harold L. Ickes was riding through Stafford, Va., when his chauffeur-driven car sideswiped another, careened into a ditch. The Secretary of the Interior, whose son is noted for bad driving and whose wife was killed in a smash-up, cut his hand, thumbed a ride to Richmond, made a speech.

New Archbishop



"The Father of the Legion of Decency," the Most Rev. John J. Cantwell, is ceremoniously inducted at the Cathedral of St. Vibiana as first Archbishop of the newly created Catholic See of Los Angeles.

Shrinking Man



In Minneapolis Hans Nelson said that he had stopped shrinking. Painter Nelson shrank 10½ in. (see mark on door) before doctors checked his parathyroid trouble.

Nuns at play



In Milwaukee the Catholic Social Welfare Bureau engaged an instructor in children's games for the city's nuns. Object was not only to amuse the nuns but to teach them

games which they in turn could teach their pupils in parochial schools, thus keeping the pupils out of mischief. In the picture at the left Instructor Jeanne Barnes is leading

a Sister of Charity in a singing march. In the center is a Sister of Notre Dame laughing over the song *Old MacDonald Had a Farm*, and at right, two Carmelites in a pageant.

College Nightclub



To keep its students from driving away for week-ends, the University of Iowa opened a campus nightclub, The Silver Shadow, offering all attractions except liquor. Stu-

dents put on their own floor show. Star performer was highkicking Sophomore Patricia Hughes (center), who is also an expert performer on the flying trapeze. Even the

University tumblers decked themselves in black trunks with gold lacings, staged an act. Kneeling is Graduate Student Larry Griswold who runs the show under contract.

Match Balancer



In the parlor of his Cleveland home one dull afternoon, Dr. Thomas H. B. Stagers, retired, began piling matches on the mouth of a beer bottle. Higher and higher the

Stagers tower grew until by the afternoon of the second day it held 3,584 matches. Its delighted creator decided to pour glue over it, make it a traveling exhibit. But

first he would build it a little higher. As Dr. Stagers poised match 3,585, a postman's heavy tread shook the Stagers' parlor. Here is the result.

In Rochester, New York



How to land an airplane when your propeller falls off in mid-air is illustrated in the picture above. One Fred Koehnlein, an Eastman Kodak film-coater who flies in his

spare time, was cruising over Rochester at 1,500 feet when the propeller of his single-motored plane went tumbling groundward. He headed for an empty play-

ground, saw that he was going to miss it by 100 feet, eased his plane skillfully into an apple tree. Then, slightly bruised, he shinnied down the tree, went home.

SIX DAYS IN A GARDEN

HELD annually from 1891 to 1920 and twice a year since then, New York's Six-Day Bicycle Race in Madison Square Garden sprinted to a finish at 11 p.m. on Dec. 5. Winners, Walthour and Crossley of the U.S. More than 100,000 people paid an average of \$1 each to see some part of this protracted sports event. Shown on these pages are scenes from the 146-hour grind which few spectators witness. Hailing from seven different nations, the 15 two-man teams spun round and round the board track at speeds varying from 5 m.p.h. idling to 45 m.p.h. sprints. The individual six-day bicycle rider must keep on the go for a total of 12 hours out of every 24. He may relieve his team-mate whenever it suits him provided no man is out of the race for more than four consecutive hours. Sleeping and eating in snatches, contestants usually relieve one another every few minutes, every lap or two during hard sprints.



Lining the track, the cubbyhole bunks of six-day bicyclists afford no privacy whatever. Here a handler watches his man as he rests on the cot.



A rider relieves his team-mate by entering the track and shoving him like this. The latter coasts to his bunk into which he tumbles for a nap.



Six-day racers have enormous appetites, consume steaks, chops and even raw meat as often as ten times a day. As a result some gain weight during the grind.



Without stopping, riders snatch bottles of water from their handlers, drink them dry as they go around the track, toss the empties into the arena.



Spills like this usually follow a hot "jam" when several bicycles converge at high speed. Casualties include broken bones, floor burns, splinter pricks.



Thoroughly enjoying a liniment rub by his handler, this rider rests up in his cubbyhole bunk while his team-mate is out pedaling on the track.



This skillful handler is balancing his rider before sending him in to relieve his weary team-mate. Improper reliefs, not uncommon, result in fines.



Handlers must be expert masseurs, as well as first-aid specialists to keep their team rolling. The sport's first and only fatality was in 1908.



A sun lamp over his legs, a towel protecting his eyes, this rider is suffering from six-day bicycling's worst occupational disease, constipation.



Between 5 and 6 a.m. and 5 and 6 p.m., six-day bicycle race spectators clear out to let these women clean up the Garden for the coming day.



At dawn when the Garden is practically empty, bicycle riders have a gentleman's agreement not to hurry or start any jams. Above: a perfect gentleman.



Fence Riders are tough hombres on King Ranch. These are proud Mexicans, intensely loyal to their bosses and jealous guardians of ranch property.

THE BATTLE OF THE FENCE

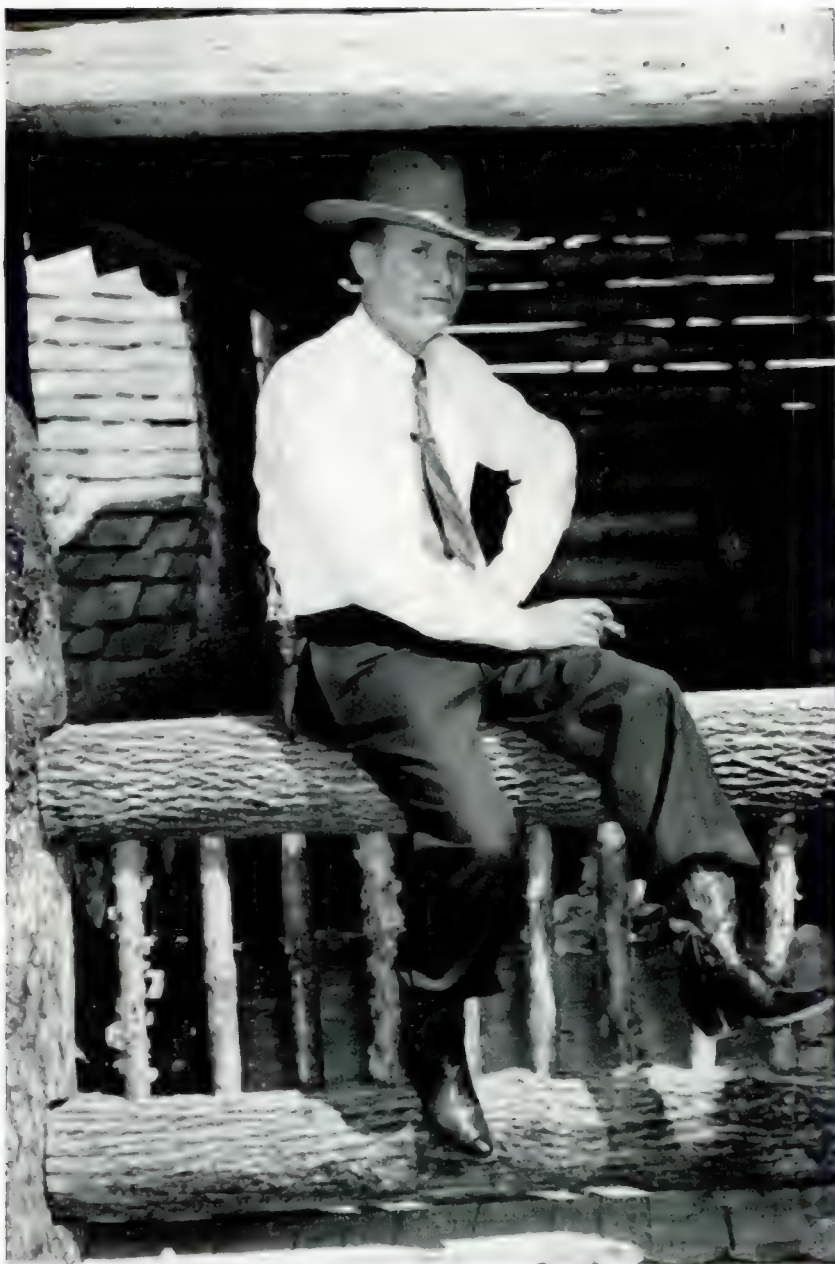


THE King cattle ranch, in southern Texas, is the biggest in the country—about four-fifths the size of Delaware. Around it run 1,500 miles of wire fence to keep cattle in, trespassers out. On Nov. 18, Luther Blanton and his son Frank, truck farmers, crawled through the fence to shoot duck on the King Ranch. Shortly Mrs. Luther Blanton heard three shots and a neighbor's girl was so startled that she jumped off a fence post and tore her new

dress. The Blanton men never came back from their hunt. In a day or two, the neighbors' concern became a furious conviction that hard-boiled King Ranch fence riders had murdered the Blantons for poaching. Plain Texans hate the King Ranch and its owners, the Klebergs. The Klebergs refuse to let hunters into their game-abounding land, refuse to let main highways go through their vast acres, and are politically a law unto themselves. Armed posses formed to invade the ranch and search for the Blantons or their killers. To the scene hurried Texas Rangers, more to keep the peace between citizenry and ranch than to find the Blantons in the dense scrubby woods. Requests for action went up to Governor Allred who kept clear of the affair. (Wise Texas governors usually leave the landed barons of South Texas to themselves.) The search went on in vain, the threat of war passed and the rangers kept one eye on the simmering citizenry, the other on the sky for buzzards who can find a dead body where men cannot.



Robert Justus Kleberg, Jr. is boss of King Ranch's 1,250,000 acres, its 125,000 head of cattle, its 500 employees. "It looks pretty hard to hold us responsible for people who crawl through our fence," he said of the Blanton case. "We can't provide hunting for everybody. The whole thing is a newspaper buildup."



A threat of war between its neighbors and the King Ranch brought Captain William McMurray of the Texas Rangers (*above*) galloping to the scene. Captain McMurray, who was once sent to Hollywood to represent the typical Ranger, held off a mass invasion of the ranch, pacified the citizens and propounded a theory: "The Blantons were killed and carried off the ranch or carried off the ranch and killed." Texans grumbled that, as always where the Klebergs were involved, the law seemed to fail.



Luther Blanton, 57, ran a not very profitable truck farm near San Perlita, 30 miles north of the Rio Grande, 13 miles west of the Gulf of Mexico.



His son, John Blanton, 24, helped his father on the farm and, like his father knew his way around the adjoining King Ranch too well to get lost.



Through this wire fence, which separates the small Blanton farm from the huge King Ranch, the Blantons crawled on Nov. 18 to hunt ducks. Through this same fence, days later, went a searching party (*center, above*) to hunt the Blantons.



Governor James V. Allred of Texas found no reason to take sides or steps in the Blanton case.



The Blanton home is this three-room cottage near San Perlita. Robert Kleberg's big white ranch house "Santa Gertrudis," near Kingsville is 80 miles away.



Widows of The Blantons. Father Luther Blanton left three children, Son John left one.

AMERICAN DRESS DESIGNER

Nettie Rosenstein

AMONG the handful of American dress designers who compete successfully with Paris, a topnotcher is Wholesaler Nettie Rosenstein of New York, who sells to such crack retailers as Bergdorf Goodman, Jay Thorpe, Lord & Taylor and I. Magnin. Every year she turns out some 500 models, retailing for anywhere from \$89.50 to \$795. Working directly with her girl models (*right*) Mrs. Rosenstein, almost unknown except to the trade, is here photographed at work for the first time.



Mrs. Rosenstein (*left*) deftly cuts a veil on a model in one of her dresses. This able designer often gets in as early as 8 a.m.; is in a perpetual "artistic frenzy."



Smart buyers from smart retail stores gather to inspect the Rosenstein line. This number of black taffeta-chiffon went to Bergdorf Goodman, sells for around \$175.

A maid helps this Rosenstein model, who gets \$40 a week, into a new Rosenstein dress.



Mrs. Rosenstein (right) adjusts a veil before the model parades before the buyers.

HELD for the trade without champagne or folderol, Nettie Rosenstein's fashion shows take place six times a year. In mid-November occurred the "little season" opening, with dresses designed for lady loiterers at resorts like Palm Beach, Fla. and Palm Springs, Calif. Since such places require sports clothes as well as evening dresses, Mrs. Rosenstein's latest show supplied both, to the tune of 100 pieces. Buyers—most of them store owners—come from all over, sit on reserved chairs marked with their names, preserve a worshipful silence rarely punctuated by applause. Though some purchase their models then and there, most call back later after conferring. Says Designer Rosenstein: "The biggest clients fuss the least about where their seats are."



From its maker's skillful hands, this black evening dress now goes to Bergdorf Goodman's, where it briefly awaits its fate. Shown above is young Mr. Andrew Goodman, able vice-president of his father's Fifth Ave. store. At right, the model pulls the dress off over her head for the last time.



Nettie Rosenstein (CONTINUED)



In her slip this model, chosen partly for her symmetry of figure, waits while Designer Rosenstein (*right*) takes the goods off the bolt for another evening dress.



Also destined for winter resorts via Bergdorf Goodman this print dress must be cut, fitted, basted, sewed, draped and hand-hemmed to perfection before it is shown.



Symbolic is Mrs. Rosenstein's intimate pose above. Her models call her "Miss Rosie," are glad to dine with her on rush days, rarely leave her except to get married.

AND A SPORTS DRESS BY NETTIE ROSENSTEIN



Palm Beach and Palm Springs mean sports clothes as well as evening dresses, but there is never anything slapdash about sports affairs from Nettie Rosenstein's salon. Con-

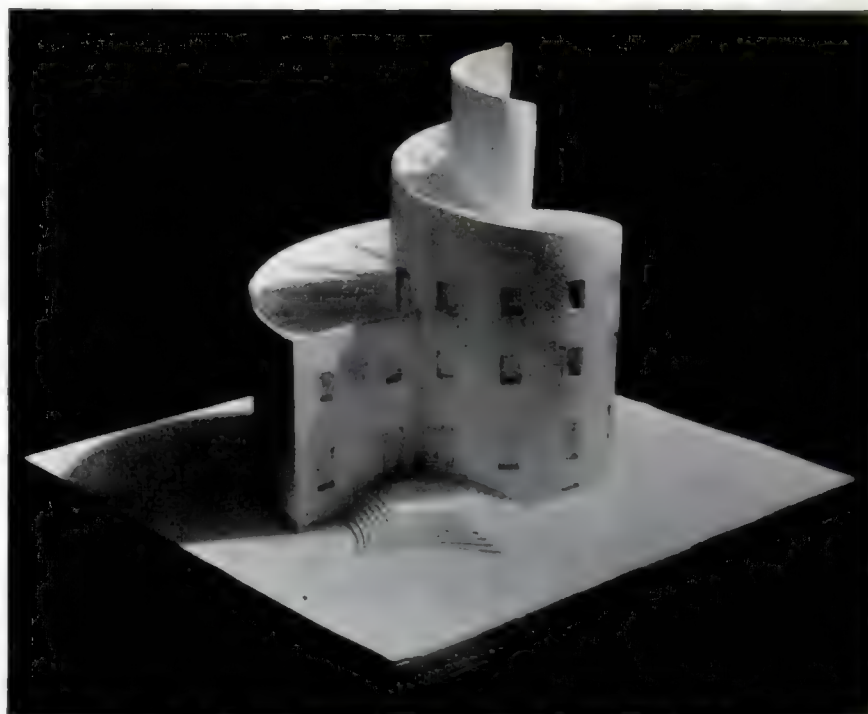
servative to her finger tips, she favors costumes along the lines of the one above, which she and her tailor expect to be worn informally in town as well as in the country.



Nettie Rosenstein's fertile mind conceived this crinkle satin dress, her workshop made it, her models paraded it, and from her salon it was sold to Bergdorf Goodman. But when the lady who buys it for \$195 takes it to Florida or California this winter she will find in it not the Rosenstein label, but Bergdorf Goodman's and unless she is a supersmart customer its origin will be unknown to her.

SURREALISM ON PARADE

THE biggest and best exhibit of Surrealism New York has ever seen opens at the Museum of Modern Art on Dec. 9. Reproduced on this and the next three pages are examples, good and bad, of this cultish art which in ten years has moved some critics to cheers and most plain people to jeers. For its parade the Modern Museum has lined up some 700 works from 157 surrealists in the U.S. and abroad. The surrealist picture most familiar to those attending the show will undoubtedly be Salvador Dali's *The Persistence of Memory* (see opposite page), now part of the Museum's permanent collection. No surrealist painter has attained such heights of fame and fortune as this young Spaniard (see inset). Born 32 years ago in Catalonia, Dali had little formal art training. He was expelled from the Madrid Academy and moved to Paris in 1927. There he joined the surrealist group to become its greatest apostle. Interested in psychoanalysis, he paints "paranoic images," interpreting each picture after he finishes it.

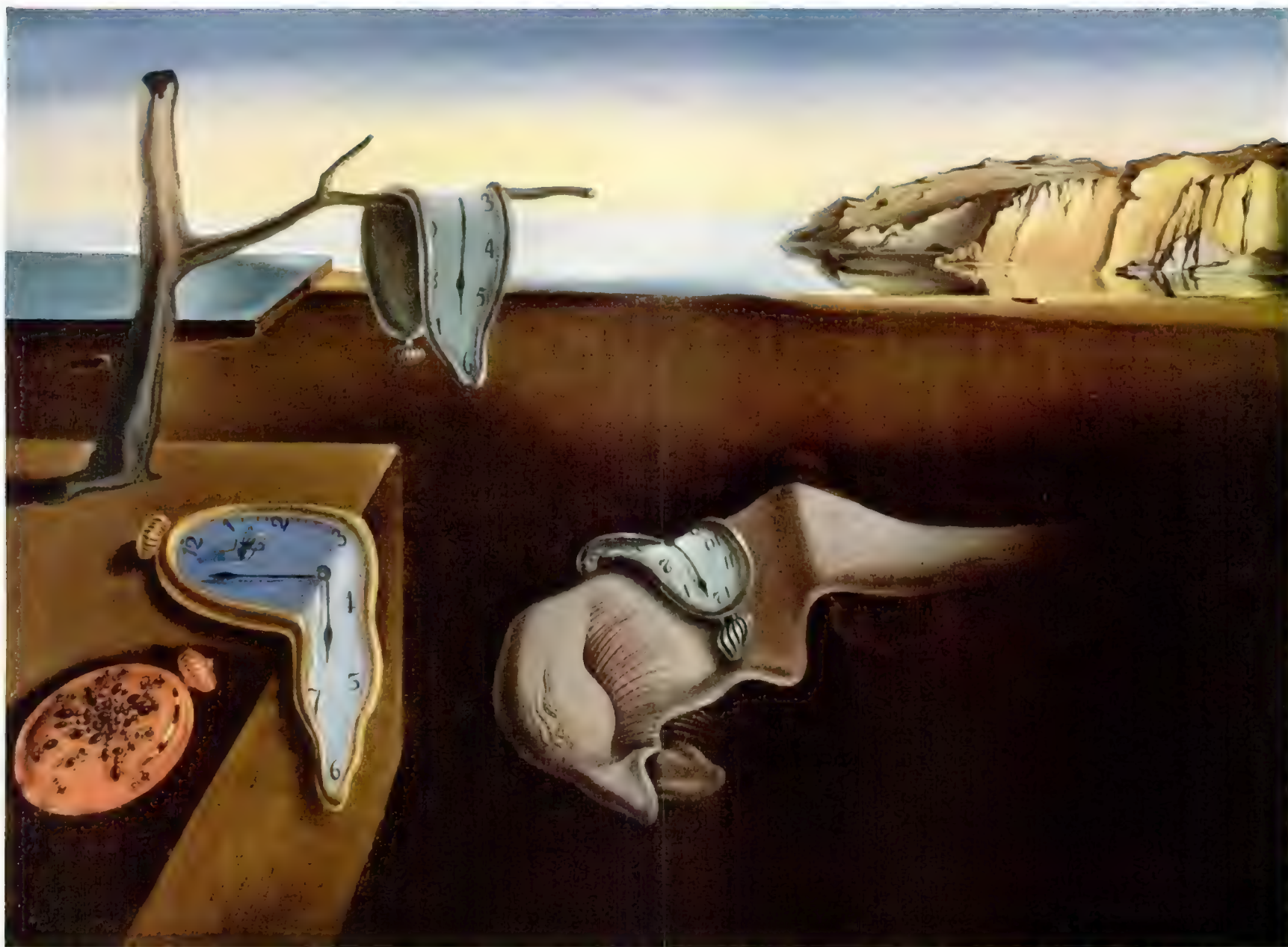


This is a surrealist house, designed by Emilio Terry and exhibited, in model form, in the architectural section of the Modern Museum's surrealist show. Terry, born in Paris 46 years ago, calls his 13-inch plaster model "The Snail." boasts that such a house would have all its rooms on the outside. This surrealist architect has designed two houses in which people live.



This fur-lined teacup is a surrealist *objet d'art* on show at the Museum of Modern Art. It was made by Meret Oppenheim, a 20-year-old German girl. For the job she used brown

rabbit fur. Meret Oppenheim has also designed fur-lined rings and bracelets for Schiaparelli whose new styles include dresses with surrealist door hinges on the sleeves.



The Persistence of Memory by Salvador Dalí is the most famous of surrealist pictures. Painted in 1931, it is here reproduced two-thirds actual size. In 1934, New York's Modern Art Museum proudly accepted it from an anonymous donor. Value: about \$1,000. Last summer Dalí lectured a London audience from within a deep-sea diving suit to show he was "plunging deeply into the human mind."



The Eye is by Belgium's René Magritte. Present owner: Parisian Photographer Man Ray who swapped one of his own pictures for it. A hard worker with a naïve technique, Magritte was a housepainter before he began ten years ago to dabble in surrealism. Magritte's price: up to \$500.



Woman Asleep in an Armchair is worth \$10,000 simply because Spain's celebrated Pablo Picasso painted it in 1927. Not strictly a surrealist, Picasso is nevertheless aped by that school.

SURREALISM (CONTINUED)

Kabyline in Movement (*right*) depicts an unearthly character called Kabyline, which appears in many paintings by Austria's young Victor Brauner. He did it in 1933. Considered an uneven worker influenced by radical politics, Brauner does not command the higher prices of better publicized surrealists.



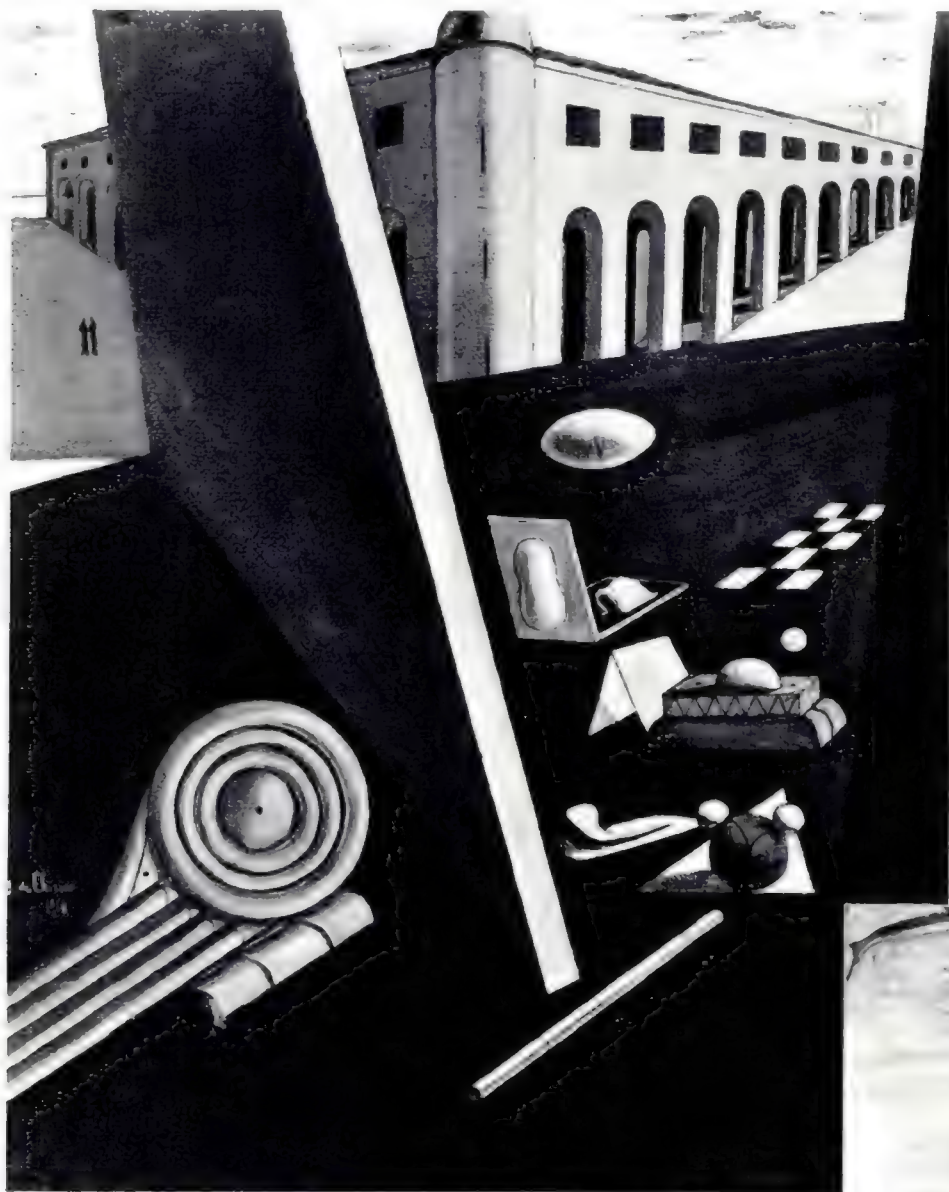
Mental Calculus (*below*) by Magritte (see *The Eye* on preceding page) is based on the maxim by France's famed Paul Cézanne that all objects can be depicted geometrically. Magritte was one of the first surrealists to use the realistic method to convey his ideas.



As the eye moves from right to left over *Mental Calculus*, Surrealist Magritte's houses and trees gradually merge into abstract spheres and cubes.

WHEN YOU SCRIBBLE IDLY ON A TELEPHONE PAD . . .

. . .you are setting down your irrational subconscious thoughts which is the basis of Surrealism.

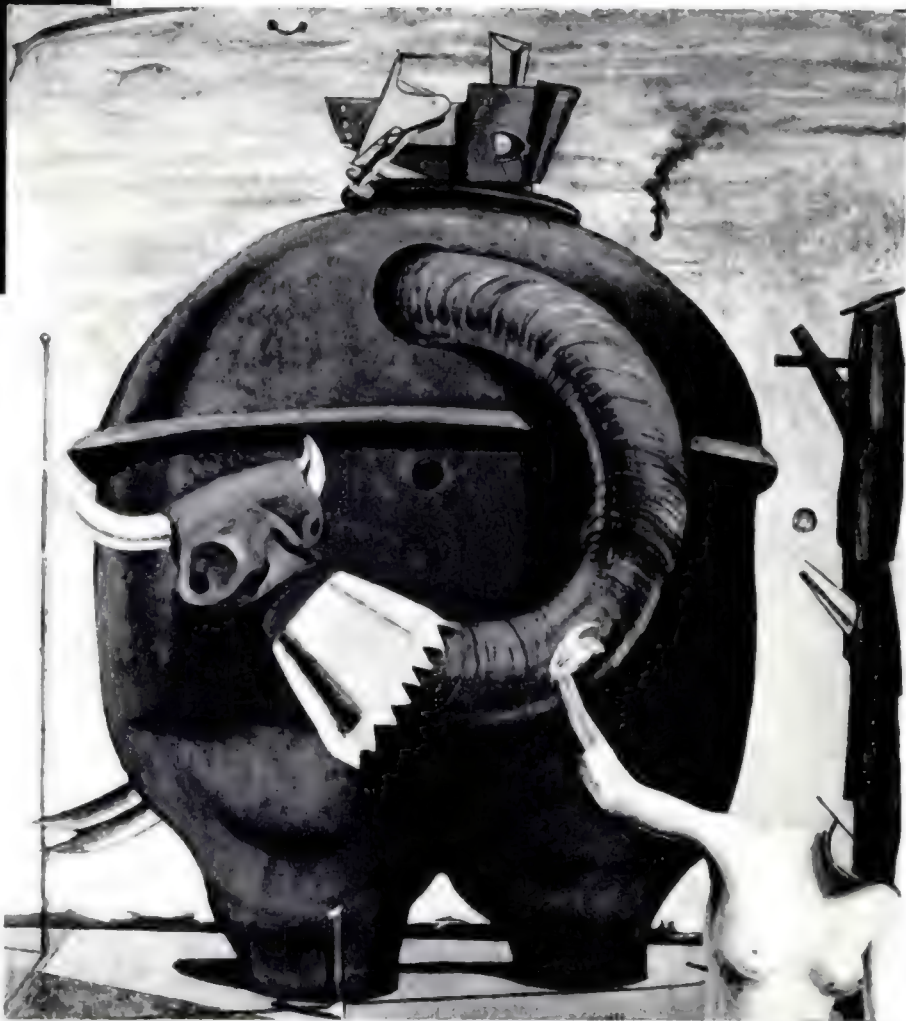


The Sailors' Barracks, by Italy's Giorgio de Chirico. The colonnade is her trademark.

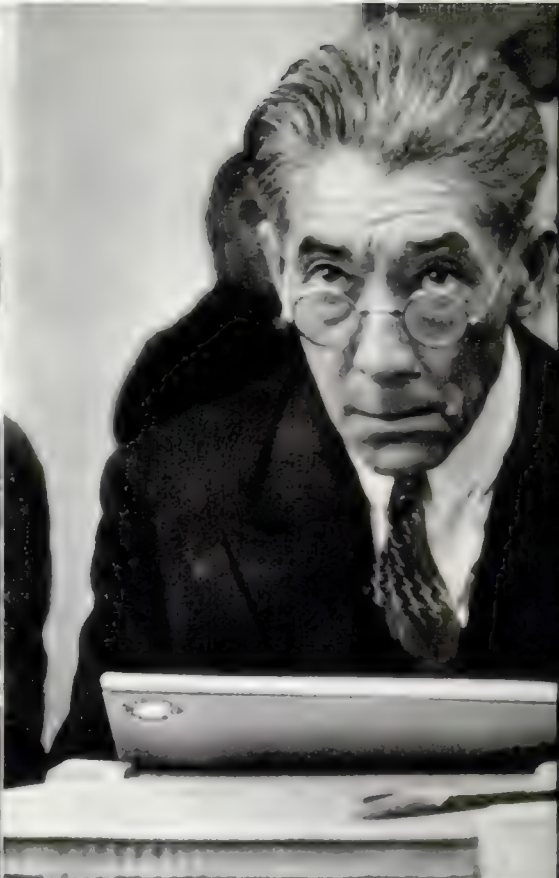
Surrealism is no stranger than a normal person's dream. Surrealists aim to express in prose, poetry or painting the irrational products and patterns of the subconscious mind. The movement was named in 1917 by Guillaume Apollinaire of Paris. In 1924 it superseded Dadaism, a lunatic Wartime art in revolt against every cultural phase of the era. That same year André Breton, leader of Surrealism, issued his first attack against rationalism and a hodgepodge magazine called *The Surrealist Revolution* began to appear regularly in Paris. The first exhibit of Surrealist paintings was held in 1925, but attracted no great notice from the public, caused no riots among the critics. For four years Surrealism suffered inner strife and dissension, but by 1929, when Breton issued his second manifesto, the period of preliminary experiment and research had come to an end. Artists flocked to the movement emulating Picasso, de Chirico (see above) and other great painters who had been painting Surrealistically for years but who refused to take part in the new school. Today, largely because of Dali's enthusiasm and ability, Surrealism is held in good critical repute.



Two centuries before Surrealism, William Hogarth, England's great satirist, did this fantastic picture to show the absurdity of drawing without a knowledge of perspective. Note how the sheep grow larger in the distance, how the man on the hilltop lights his pipe from a candle the woman holds out the window. In one tree is a bird as big as a cow.



The Elephant Celebes, by Germany's Max Ernst, disciple of Picasso and forerunner of Dali.



FRENCH AMATEURS STUDY LIFE FREE

A great Paris art school, *l'Academie A.B.C.*, has thrown open one of its studios to impoverished artists and amateurs. Free from entrance fees, entrance examinations and compulsory attendance, anyone wishing to draw from life may now spend all afternoon sketching seasoned models. Doctors, lawyers, clerks, housewives, shopgirls and unemployed of all ages and sizes rub shoulders at their easels, show the most amazing diversity in their interpretation of a back, a breast, a buttock. Greatest difference of opinion

centers about the nose, which when sketched from the identical model may turn up on paper as anything from a Cyrano beak to a retroussé affair. The model is always a great deal more self-possessed than the class, many of whom find the public sight of a nude definitely unsettling. But some of the art students disregard the model altogether and, with the cameraman's sense of what is vital, sketch their fellows, whose varied expressions of bewilderment, concentration and self-satisfaction are here shown.







THE LAST WHITE RESIDENTS OF A BURNING CHINESE CITY ESCAPE IN A DOUGLAS AIRLINER.

The beginning of the most convincing dream in modern fiction

THE story of *Lost Horizon* begins, as a modern fantasy should, with the most exciting airplane trip in modern fiction. Bandits have fired the remote South China town of Baskul. As its flames leap high in the darkness, Ronald Colman, as the British consul, evacuates the last white residents in a friendly warlord's airplane. Aloft, the fugitives find themselves flying north instead of east. A strange Asiatic pilot sits at the controls, sets his course high over the Himalayas. Next morning the passengers are looking down on the snowy wastes of Tibet. At length the engine sputters out and the strange pilot brings them skillfully down. But when Colman breaks into the control cabin, he finds the pilot dead. Presently over the snow comes a furred delegation of Tibetans. They take the stranded party to Shangri-La, where Colman learns why he has been kidnapped: the High Lama wants to make him his successor.



\$2,000,000 WORTH OF SCENES FROM

Lost Horizon

HIGH among the mountains of Tibet, locked in by never-melting snows, there is said to be a wonderful Valley of Contentment. It is ruled by a colony of lamas, holy men who have found the secret of limitless life. Their lamasery of Shangri-La is a treasure house of culture, gathered against the day when the war-torn outer world shall wreak its own destruction.

The story of Shangri-La was magically told in the novel *Lost Horizon* by a shy young English writer named James Hilton. Four hundred thousand readers called *Lost Horizon* one of the best escape stories in decades. Among

them was Frank Capra, Hollywood's foremost movie director. Capra resolved to recreate *Lost Horizon* for the far greater audiences of the screen. Since he could not take his camera to an imaginary valley in Tibet, he has literally built Shangri-La in Hollywood. Five months and \$2,000,000 have been spent in filming its exotic scenes. In the difficult role of the 250-year-old High Lama, Frank Capra, the perfectionist, has filmed two actors. Now he cannot choose between them. If Capra solves his lama problem, *Lost Horizon* will be released in January.



When the plane lands once to refuel, the bayonets of fierce native tribesmen prevent Ronald Colman from escaping.



IN BITTER COLD TIBET THE PASSENGERS LEARN THEY HAVE BEEN KIDNAPPED BY A 250-YEAR-OLD HIGH LAMA.



Lost Horizon (CONTINUED)

The script of *Lost Horizon* called for a soaring, snow-white lamasery clinging to the side of a Tibetan mountain. At the Columbia lot in Hollywood, Director Frank Capra and Art Director Stephen Goossen built this beautiful structure, complete to



the last water lily. It cost Columbia \$250,000. In the lamasery garden the repose of Shangri-La is sublimely complete. Here Ronald Colman, as a British adventurer, finds the peace for which he has long searched and finds love as well. Jane Wyatt plays

Sondra, the beautiful French girl who, having read Colman's book, persuades the High Lama to kidnap Colman and make him his heir. *The picture above shows only part of the lamasery. By turning it upside down you can see the reflection of more.*

MRS. SIMPSON OF BLUE RIDGE SUMMIT

MEETS THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION

ON HER WAY TO WINDSOR CASTLE



FROM the moment last January when Edward Windsor let go her hand and stepped out alone on a St. James's Palace balcony to be proclaimed King-Emperor, his relations with Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson ceased to be a private matter. While the world press was being obtuse as to its importance, *TIME* proceeded to record the progress of this royal romance and was censored in London for its pains. Even when Mrs. Simpson, without her husband, went cruising with Edward in Balkan waters, most of the American press chose to regard the affair as trivial gossip without significance. Then Mrs. Simpson divorced her husband at Ipswich and by November there was no longer any doubt that His Majesty's dogged devotion to this American-born commoner was about to precipitate one of Britain's gravest constitutional crises. The great question was: Could Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin and his Conservative Cabinet prevent Edward VIII from marrying Mrs. Simpson who was born in a cottage at Blue Ridge Summit, Pa. (below), and keep him from installing her as his Queen-Empress amid the medieval magnificence of Windsor Castle (opposite page).

There were special meetings of the Cabinet to advise His Majesty against such a marriage. The *Times* of London warned of a Council of State to govern the Realm. Prime Minister Baldwin made a deal with the Labor Party whereby His Majesty's Government and His Majesty's Loyal Opposition were united against His Majesty. The Archbishop of

Canterbury who appears on the front cover of this issue of *LIFE* was the first to protest. He threatened to withhold communion from the King if he married a divorcee and was told by His Majesty: "Please remember I am the head of your organization." The Right Rev. Alfred Walter Frank Blunt, Bishop of Bradford, spoke out on the sacred implications of next May's Coronation of the King. Said His Grace: "It would be improper for me to say anything except to commend the King and ask you to commend him to God's grace, which he will so abundantly need, as we all need it (for the King is a man like ourselves), if he is to do his duty faithfully. We hope he is aware of his need. Some of us wish he gave more positive signs of his awareness."

The British Constitution is not a written document. It is an interpretation of the customs and the laws of the realm. Since the British crown is hereditary, the marriage of the Monarch becomes a constitutional matter fraught with large public interest. A King's privileges are not the privileges of the ordinary man. Of all the inhabitants in Britain he alone is





forbidden by custom to take the stump in Hyde Park and prate of politics. The same rules of the game hedge his marriage about with uncommon restrictions. A new reign has by common consent the right to new blood and new customs—and even a new favorite at Windsor Castle. But a King's job remains the same. He is not required to be an able King. His duty is simply not to be a bad King. His "pay" is several million dollars a year and the self-censorship of the British press will co-operate to let him do what he likes when he is not officially in the public eye. But since marriage is official and since divorce is offensive to millions of Edward VIII's subjects, the Baldwin Government feels it has every right to advise the King officially not to marry Mrs. Simpson and not to offend a part of

his people. By the rules of the game, a British King is supposed to take the advice of a British Government recently elected by an overwhelming majority.

The two residences of British kings which suggest royalty most strongly to the British people are Buckingham Palace in London and Windsor Castle a few miles out. Mrs. Simpson has had the run of Buckingham Palace for weeks. For her week-ends with Edward VIII, she has gone to informal Fort Belvedere rather than to royal Windsor, shown above with its 14th Century wall and turrets, its royal chapel in the foreground, its round tower and royal living quarters farther in the background and its air of ancient majesty and romance so dear to British hearts.

THE RISE OF MRS. SIMPSON (CONTINUED)



Her mother was plucky Alice Montague, a Virginian, who married poor but well born Teackle Wallis Warfield of Baltimore.

Dr. Lewis M. Allen (*above*), brought Mrs. Simpson into the world at Blue Ridge Summit, Pa., on June 19, 1896, three weeks after her father Wallis' death.

She lived in this Baltimore house where the Widow Warfield took in boarders. Uncle Sol Warfield was president of Seaboard Air Line R.R.



The 20-year-old bride of Lieutenant E. Winfield Spencer Jr., U. S. N., with orchids and lilies-of-the-valley.

Handsome, self-possessed matron at 22, ring-leader of the Naval officers' wives at Coronado, Cal., where her husband was stationed.

She first saw but did not meet Edward, Prince of Wales, at a Coronado dinner in 1920. Rich Mrs. Claus Spreckels (above) monopolized the Prince's attention. Divorced from Spencer and married to Englishman Ernest Simpson, she dressed for a Naughty Nineties Costume Ball in London with rouge and feather boa.

THE British press boasts that it is the freest in the world. Yet it was not free enough to report the rise of Mrs. Simpson as King Edward's favorite. By a rigid system of self-censorship, every newspaper in the land ignored her in print. This apparently was contrary to His Majesty's wishes who was determined to force Editor Geoffrey Dawson (*extreme right*) of the *Times* to print her name. In May 1936, the King put her name, with her husband's, on the Court Circular at the bottom of a Buckingham Palace dinner-party list (*right*). The *Times* had to print it. Press history was again made last September when Mrs. Simpson's arrival at Balmoral Castle without her husband headed the Court Circular as dutifully printed by Editor Dawson's *Times*.



COURT CIRCULAR.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, MA.

The King gave a Dinner Party at James's Palace this evening, to which following had the honour of being invited:—Commander the Right Mounbatten, R.N., and the Right Mounbatten, the Right Baldwin, M.P., and Mrs. Bala the Lord Wigram and Lady Wis the Lord Hon. A. Duff Cooper, M.P., the Right Hon. A. Duff Cooper, M.P., the Lady Diana Legh and the Hon. the Hon. Piers Legh and the Hon. the Hon. Lady Cunard and Lady Chasfield, Legh, Lady Chasfield and Lady Chasfield, Sir Ernie Charles Lindbergh and Mrs. Ernest Lindbergh and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson.

BALMORAL CASTLE, SEPT. 23

Mrs. Ernest A. Simpson and Mr. Mrs. Herman L. Rogers have arrived the Castle.

The Duke of York, who was accompanied by the Duchess of York, to-day His Majesty's behalf opened the Buildings of the Royal Infirmary, Aberdeen.

The Lady Helen Graham and the Hon. Thomas Coke were in attendance.





In February, 1935, when the picture on the left was taken, Mrs. Simpson was described by the press only as "an unidentified American woman," who went skiing with the then Prince of Wales in swank Kitzbuehl in Austria.



This yacht, the *Nahlin*, took the King and Mrs. Simpson on his first holiday as King in August, 1936. On his trips ashore, the King looked happy for the first time since his father died.



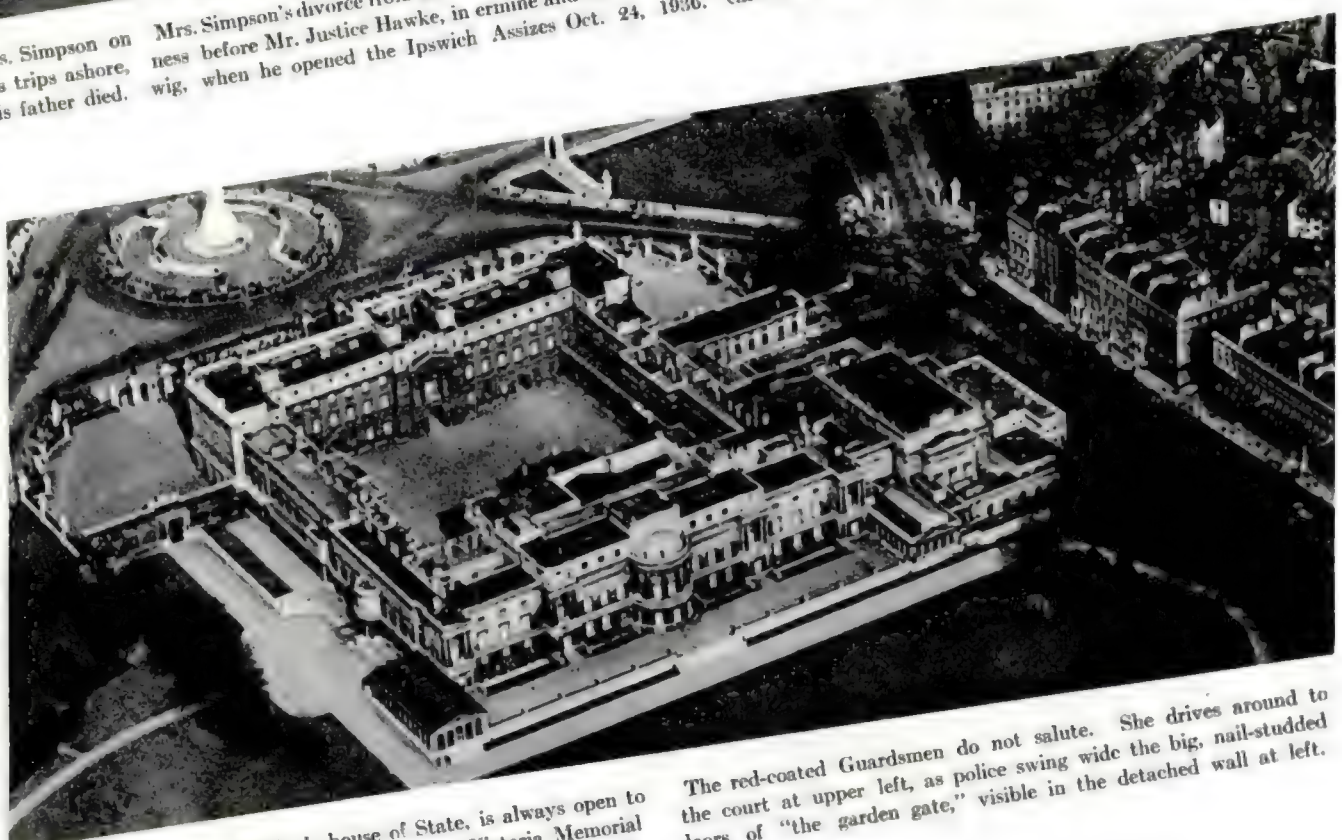
Mrs. Simpson's divorce from Mr. Simpson was the chief business before Mr. Justice Hawke, in ermine and full-bottomed wig, when he opened the Ipswich Assizes Oct. 24, 1936.



In a new house without a husband, at her beautifully-run dinners for twelve, dainty, clever and charming Mrs. Simpson now can look out across the wide lawns of Cumberland Terrace.



First holding hands in public, King Edward declined to let his bodyguard destroy this picture of Mrs. Simpson on their cruise in August.



Buckingham Palace, the King's house of State, is always open to Mrs. Simpson. Her car drives past the Queen Victoria Memorial (in circle at top, left) into the main entrance just below the Memorial.

The red-coated Guardsmen do not salute. She drives around to the court at upper left, as police swing wide the big, nail-studded doors of "the garden gate," visible in the detached wall at left.

MRS. SIMPSON HAS MANY POWERFUL ENEMIES

(CONTINUED)



The Duchess of Gloucester, the King's newest sister-in-law and the daughter of a Duke, redoubles her good works in public hospitals.



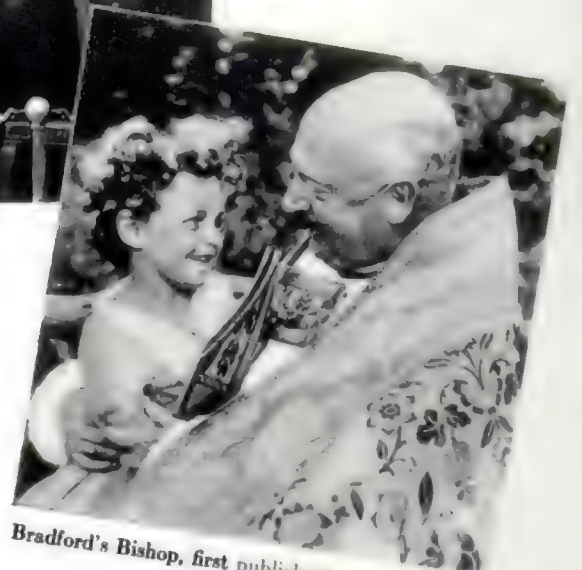
The Duchess of York, mother of two, prepares to be Queen by keeping in the public eye as a hospital-opener. On Dec. 1, an Edinburgh crowd wildly cheered the Duke and herself.



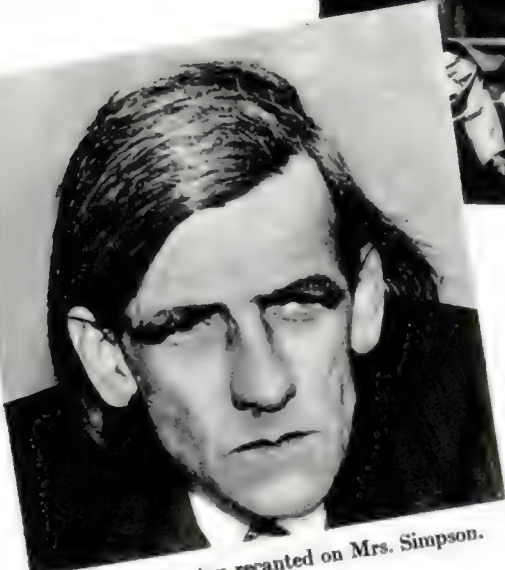
The Duchess of Kent, born Princess Marina of Greece, mother of one son, helps to show that Britain's royal duchesses have a keen sense of royal responsibility.



On this page are some members of Britain's ruling class whom Mrs. Simpson has deeply involved in her own fate. The royal duchesses (at top) have plainly shown their disapproval of their brother-in-law's American friend. Above is Prime Minister Baldwin (standing, center) and his Cabinet which is exhibited like this in wax at Madame Toussaud's. At left is a loud Laborite who changed sides on the Simpson case and at right the bishop who first broke the news. Below are the Press Lords whose job of suppressing the Simpson story in their papers was the most harassing of all.



Bradford's Bishop, first publicly to scold the King.



Laborite Maxton recanted on Mrs. Simpson.



Camrose publishes the *Daily Telegraph*.



Rothermere publishes the *Daily Mail*.



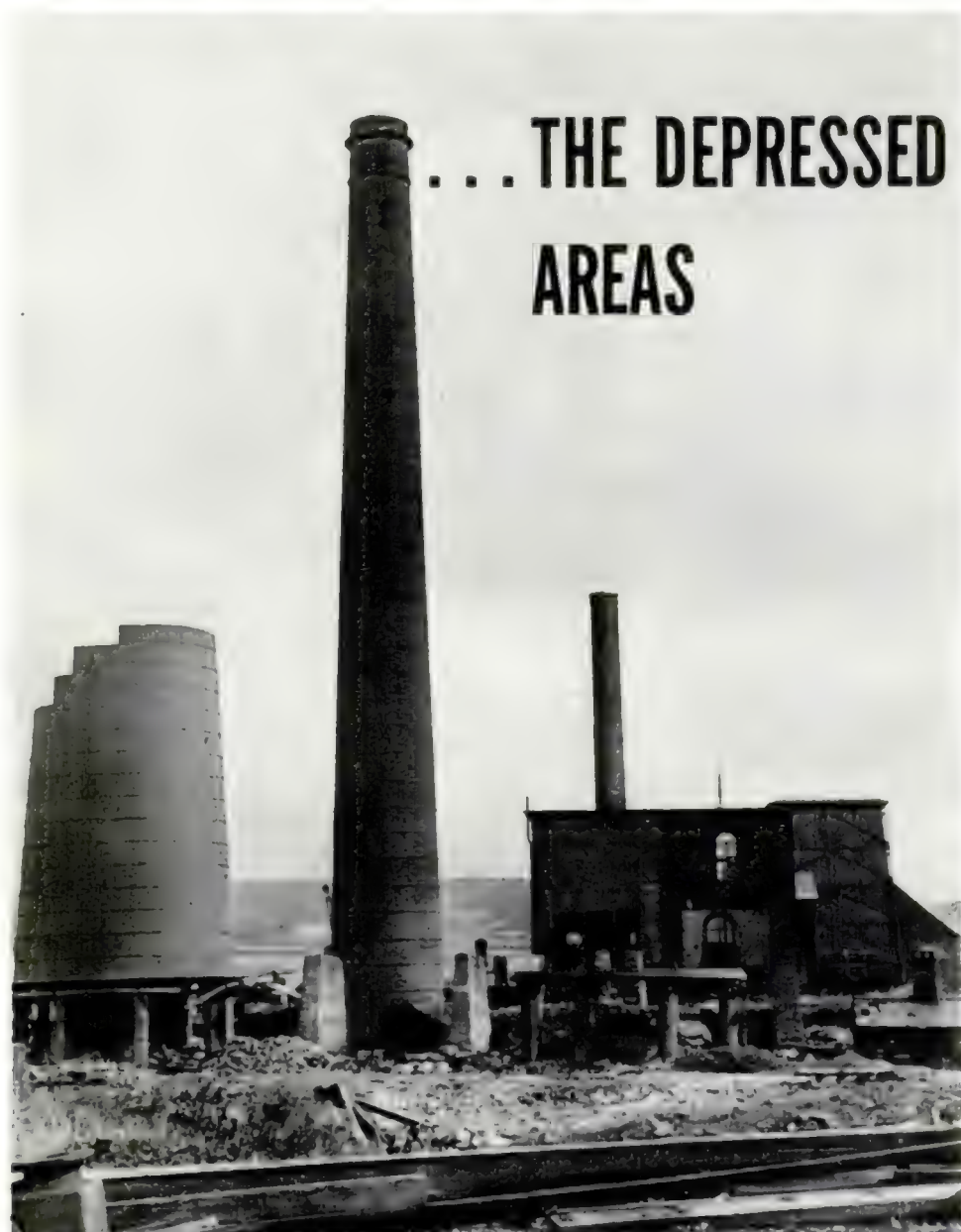
Beaverbrook publishes the *Daily Express*.



**QUEEN-MOTHER MARY AND GRANDCHILDREN: PRINCESSES
ELIZABETH AND MARGARET ROSE, PRINCE EDWARD (ON LAP).**

Almost inevitably the dark-haired little girl at the left will some day be Queen-Empress Elizabeth. Only two things can prevent it: a child sired by her uncle, King Edward; a manchild sired by her father, the Duke of York.

This is what Englishmen mean by . . .



... THE DEPRESSED AREAS

A Durham coal seam ran out here in 1927. The workings shut down and a whole town was without work. The narrow coal seams of South Wales and northeast England were wastefully worked for a century.



In the dregs of a dead coal industry, Tyneside women pick over low-grade coal and cinders to earn a pittance that only the starving would consider. Such work is not a solution but an aggravation.



This long-jawed north-countryman in England's Depressed Areas, is a good coal miner but he has not had coal to mine for 9 years.

THE real rub between King Edward and the British Cabinet is not Mrs. Simpson but Edward's symptoms of turning into an aggressive King. Old English Tories dismiss the King's liberalism as a rich playboy's whim. But he touches them squarely on their rawest spot with Great Britain's Depressed Areas—South Wales, Cumberland, and Tyneside in northeast England. Edward has publicly visited them all, flagrantly embarrassed his Government by declaring that "something must be done" and having his pictures taken in front of such sorry landscapes as those depicted on these pages. The Conservative Government has led Great Britain out of Depression and into Prosperity. Nevertheless its chief sin of omission has been its failure to solve the heart-rending problem of the Depressed Areas.



Children find enough coal to dirty their faces but not to live on. But even in the Depressed Areas, people sometimes smile—and even laugh.



Hard comfort is the Parson's message of courage in despair.



Scratching coal out of the earth by hand is one recourse of the two million people in the South Wales Depressed Area.



This ragged young man with one bare foot and a cold pipe has never worked. He grew up and graduated directly into the Dole.



The wet desolation of a rainy day in England's Depressed Areas is unforgettable. Cursed towns include Durham, Jarrow and Gateshead on the Tyne and Welsh towns in Glamorgan and Monmouth counties.



AN OFFSPRING OF THE DEPRESSED AREAS (CONTINUED)

BBRITISH children in the Depressed Areas lisp their plans for the future. "Of course I'll be like Daddy and go on the Dole when I grow up." Some parents, notably Welshmen, have the gumption to move out. The Conservative British Government has widely publicized its efforts to move profitable new industries

into the Depressed Areas and to support physical training classes to keep idle men fit. But far more effective than moving anything else into this coal-depleted area is moving out the inhabitants, of whom some 50,000 have been moved elsewhere in the past two years. Total British unemployed today: 1,600,000.

An Old Fashioned SOUP goes to town!

THAT good old "homespun" favorite, chicken-noodle soup, which was born in the country, has come to town in a great big way. Campbell's have captured all of the hearty, homey folksiness of this grand old favorite. Captured it and glorified it, with a real veneration for its fine traditions and lifting it to an even higher—a modern—deliciousness. A resounding hit everywhere throughout the land is Campbell's Noodle with Chicken Soup.

In this Campbell's Soup, truly can it be said, 1936 reaches out its hand gratefully to quaint crinoline days and welcomes one of their home-kitchen triumphs.

As your appetite revels in the golden yellow richness of this soup, you can almost see the bygone soup-pot simmering long hours on the kitchen stove. Noodles were one of the special glories of those goodly housewives and they loved, above all, to steep them in stout chicken broth. Who could resist *that*? Few indeed, judging by the present-day popularity of Campbell's.

Have you tasted this rich chicken essence, with its abundance of those good-to-eat noodles and garnish of tender pieces of chicken meat? If not, hurry to the nearest grocer's and make its acquaintance. It's the kind of soup that just goes with a home and a family.



Campbell's Noodle ^{with} Chicken Soup



In days of old
They dressed like this,
But Campbell's Soup
They had to miss!

21 kinds to choose from . . .

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| Asparagus | Mushroom (Cream of) |
| Bean with bacon | Mutton |
| Beef | Noodle with chicken |
| Bouillon | Ox Tail |
| Celery | Pea |
| Chicken | Pepper Pot |
| Chicken-Gumbo | Scotch Broth |
| Clam Chowder | Tomato |
| Consommé | Vegetable |
| Mock Turtle | Vegetable-Beef |
| Mulligatawny | |

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



THIS IS \$2,000,000 IN GOLD

SHOWN above on a hand truck are two tons of Government gold worth \$1,000,000 a ton. They are part of the biggest pile of gold ever kept in one place; the \$6,000,000,000 in the U. S. Assay Office in lower Manhattan. This fabulous wealth, stored in subbasement steel-lined vaults that can withstand six weeks of direct blasting, is more than half of the U. S. gold supply (\$10,000,000,000). About \$4,000,000,000 of it will be moved early next year

to the new gold fortress at Fort Knox, Kentucky (see LIFE, Nov. 23). Until then New York City remains the major U. S. gold center, with Denver second and Philadelphia third. All but one of the 139 bricks in this picture weigh 29 pounds apiece. Each one you could smuggle past the heavily-armed guards would make you some \$14,000 richer. Single exception is the 4-pound paving block included for comparison. That would net you about 1¢.

Biggest gold handler in the world is New York's Federal Assay Office



Well barred is the entrance to the U.S. Assay Office which stands on the lower tip of Manhattan Island. A police station stands across the street. Machine guns enflade the only doorway. Guards stalk the passages. Each guard carries a couple of guns and gas bombs. None of them will talk. The only man who talks freely is Sigmund Solomon, the superintendent (right).



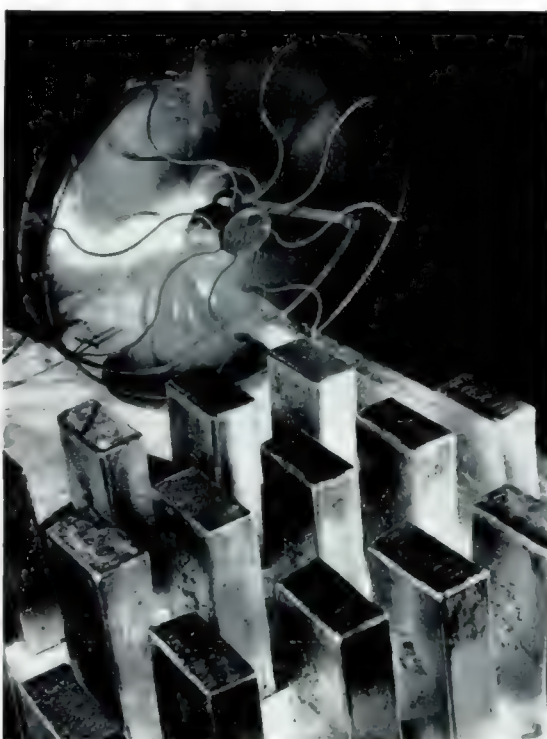
Sigmund Solomon, Superintendent of the Assay Office. No man ever handled so much gold per day. The Roosevelt laws which forced citizens to yield up their gold and attracted foreign gold by raising the price from \$20 to \$35 an ounce, have made Mr. Solomon far busier than any of his predecessors. On Dec. 4, 1935, he had a record day, signing receipts for \$100,000,000 worth of foreign gold.



This is a foreign "melt." Gold from overseas arrives in bricks of varying sizes, must be melted down and made up into the standard bars you see opposite. This furnace is a big one. It melts 10,000 ounces of gold at one time. Its temperature must be 2,600° Fahrenheit. At a lower temperature gold will not pour properly, at a higher one too much will go off in smoke and fumes.



All gold from one melt is stamped with the same serial number. This batch is 1077 which, Mr. Solomon's records will show, came from the foreign melt shown in the photograph (above right). Though three careful and independent assays have already been made from liquid gold to test the fineness or purity of the gold three more will be made from the solid gold here. Then all six assays must be checked against each other. Assaying is only part of the office's job. It must also melt, refine and store.



Too hot to handle, these bars must be cooled off before storage. Even after the fan has done its work, these bars are still too "hot" for the ordinary citizen to handle. If you were to purloin one, as suggested on the opposite page, or even if you came by one honestly, you would not only be \$14,000 richer but you would also be liable to a fine of \$28,000, double the bar's value. The Gold Reserve Act of 1934 forbids you to possess bar gold unless, as a licensee, you use it in your business.



Ready for storage—but these bars must first be weighed to see how much gold has been lost in refining. Great care is taken to keep the loss down. Workmen's clothes, which cannot be worn home, are burned to recover stray gold. Before he leaves every day, a worker must take a shower bath and the bath water is treated to extract gold. Even from mops and scrap paper, and the dust on walls gold is recovered. A device inside the tall chimney catches \$10,000 worth of gold a year from smoke and fumes.





GOLD (CONTINUED): Meet Mr. French and Mr. Goldhammer

WILLIAM FRENCH, on the opposite page, and John Goldhammer, above, are melters and they work for Mr. Solomon in the U.S. Assay Office. "Frenchy's" face is so grimy because he stands all day over a 2,600°-Fahrenheit furnace, poking and stirring gold with a graphite stick that he holds in his asbestos glove. He melts down \$750,000 of gold in an average day. In a little over a minute he melts enough of the precious stuff to pay his yearly salary, which is \$1,800. John Goldhammer's name would be

perfect if it were his job to hammer serial numbers on gold bars. Above he is shoveling scrap gold, mostly jewelry, into his crucible. Since the U.S. raised the price of gold from \$20 to \$35 an ounce in 1933, the Assay Office has been deluged with old gold rings, brooches, pins, coins, cigarette cases, watches, teeth. A year ago, 1,000 ounces of scrap gold were brought to the Assay Office every day, and twice or thrice that much to old gold dealers in Manhattan alone. Today, only half that

amount comes in. Mr. Solomon accepts batches of scrap gold only if they contain at least one ounce of 24-carat gold. People bringing valued heirlooms and trinkets to the Assay Office do not get emotional over selling them. And neither Mr. Solomon nor Mr. French nor Mr. Goldhammer have any more feelings over consigning an old locket with a wisp of hair still inside it to the furnace than they have when they throw in a set of shiny and well-worn gold teeth.

THE CAMERA OVERSEAS:

The English



The Duke of Kent & Son (above) and a new London bar ballad

Disrespectful Londoners have lately made a rhyme of the succession to the throne:
We've had the stork, said the Duchess of York;
We'll have a musty, said Duchess of Gloucester;

We've had a gent, said the Duchess of Kent;
Ah, but just wait! said Edward the Eight.
The caricature of the Duke of Kent is from Tony Wysard's show of cartoons in London.



Christmas card of the Duke of York, heir to the British throne, showing the scene in the year 1846, when a woman at Court dropped her garter. The courtiers tittered. Another King Edward (the Third) barked, "Honi soit qui mal y pense." Thus the motto of the reigning House of England and the Order of the Garter.



The Duke of Norfolk's fiancée, pretty Lavinia Mary Strutt, is currently England's favorite bride-to-be, in contrast to twice-divorced Mrs. Simpson. "Ideal" Lavinia is



a tennis player (above, left), a jockey with a Mickey Mouse embroidered on her sweater (above, right). Her father, Lord Belper, is only four generations away from the



Jedediah Strutt of Derby who made his fortune with some improvements in the spinning industry's stocking frame. Lavinia's mother is divorced from her father.

And The Indians



An Indian Dictator in the making is what Englishmen call the bare-faced Hindu in white cap in the front row—Pandit Jawaharlal

Nehru, who has lately led a rebellion against the "passive resistance" of Mahatma Gandhi by urging Indians to "fight, not spin."



Pandit Nehru, son of a liberal Brahmin of Kashmir, has spent a quarter of his 43 years in jail as an Indian Socialist. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, is President of the Indian Congress, published his autobiography this year and is the natural successor to Mahatma Gandhi.



Mahatma Gandhi, squatting imperturbably before a loud-speaker, lately spoke out of his semi-retirement to India's masses. Pandit Nehru (*see left*) said of him, "He is no peasant, but he is one whom peasants understand. What he has done is to get them to lift their heads. They no longer cringe to anyone."

And The Italians



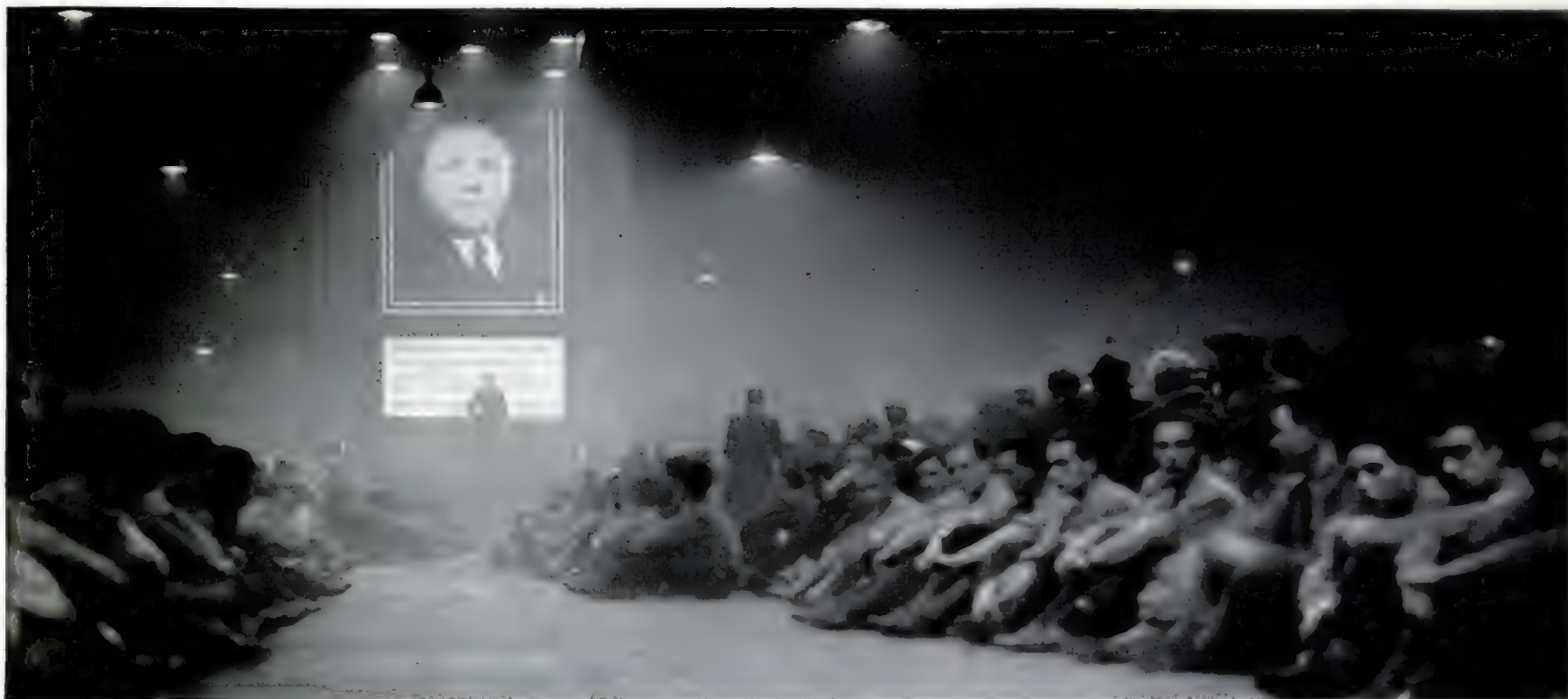
Benito Mussolini, Fencer, showed his skill in front of German journalists visiting Rome, Nov. 20. He and journalists had been watching cadets duel at the Fascist Physical Culture Academy.

Suddenly he called for a sword, engaged a cadet and routed him. Academy Director Rudolfo took the cadet's place, fought a prudent tie with



Il Duce. Mussolini is a competent, aggressive swordsman. In 1915 he fought a duel of honor with Anarchist Merlino, wounding Merlino and only getting scratched himself.

The French at a Funeral



French Socialists in a frenzy of grief for a leader "driven to suicide."

Suicide by gas Nov. 19 was the only solution the Socialist Minister of Interior, Roger Salengro, could think of. The French Rightists had stubbornly accused him of deserting to the Germans during the War, even after two veterans'

organizations and the Chamber of Deputies had given him a clean record. His funeral in Lille turned into an impassioned Socialist demonstration. At top, Socialists keep vigil in Lille before his portrait and last message:

"If they have not succeeded in dishonoring me, they will carry the responsibility for my death for I am neither a deserter nor a traitor." Above at left, mourn his mother, brother and sister and at right, Lille Socialists.



His wife's grave was filled last year when she died of heartbreak over slanderous accusations by the Communists, now friends, then political enemies of Salengro's Socialists.



His coffin, flanked by young Socialists of Lille and a military color guard, fronted by an urn, was the center of a gigantic demonstration of the Socialists and Communists of the Popular Front.



His funeral carriage was followed by his brother, veiled mother and sister and the entire French Cabinet. At left, Premier Blum.

The Greeks at a Funeral



Reburial in Greece by archbishops of the Greek Orthodox Church was the reward Nov. 22 of the late King Constantine ("Tino") of Greece who was twice kicked out of

Greece by Revolution. His body had lain in crypt in Florence, with the bodies of his Romanov mother and his wife, a sister of Kaiser Wilhelm. Because Greek Mon-

archists last year called back Constantine's son, George II, to be King of Greece, Constantine, his wife and mother were adjudged worthy to be dug up and reburied in Athens.

The Spaniards at a Funeral



Barcelona's General Durruti led his comrades to the defense of Madrid Nov. 10. Twelve days later he died of wounds and Barcelona had lost its greatest military leader.

The funeral of Durruti, back in Barcelona, took half a day to pass through the streets. Behind the draped coffin (right), borne by a detachment of Durruti's Anarchist veterans, marched some 500,000 Catalans, all Barcelona's bigwigs and the Russian Consul-General.





VISITORS MAY ENTER THE HOUSE OF COMMONS BUT THE KING MAY NOT

His Majesty's Government



The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Neville Chamberlain, holds the purse strings of the Realm for the House of Commons.



The Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, leader of the Conservative Party, brought England out of the depression.



The First Lord of the Admiralty is Sir Samuel Hoare. England is now engaged in the greatest rearmament program of its history.

MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS

EVEN before English barons wrung the Magna Charta from King John in 1215, Britons had a rudimentary chamber of law-makers dating back to Anglo-Saxon kings. Thereafter, for five centuries, Parliament waged against the King a ceaseless struggle for power. Its greatest victory came when it took from King Charles I his power to tax, and chopped off his head (1649). It clinched its triumph thirty-seven years later when Catholic King James II, embroiled with a Protestant Parliament, threw the Great Seal into the Thames and fled to France. It summoned William of Orange to the throne, forced him to abide by Parliamentary decisions. With the spread of popular government throughout the world in the 19th Century, this British institution won its provident title: Mother of Parliaments. Parliament has two chambers, the House of Lords and the House of Commons. Since 1911, when Herbert Asquith and David Lloyd George dramatically nullified the veto-power of the Lords, the House of Commons has ruled supreme. This greatest debating society in the world has sat since 1850 in a chamber which has a high ceiling, but very little floor-space. Before that, for some 300 years, it sat in the old Royal Palace, destroyed by fire in 1834. Dominating the chamber is the speaker's chair at the north end, below the reporters' and the ladies' galleries.



THE OVERCROWDED COMMONS IS ONLY 75 FEET LONG, HAS ONLY 450 GREEN LEATHER SEATS FOR 615 MEMBERS.

His Majesty's Opposition



The Foreign Minister, Anthony Eden is the youngest man in British history to hold what has been called the most important office in Europe.



The Secretary of War is Alfred Duff Cooper, whose soldiers patrol the Empire's borders. His wife is a lifelong friend of King Edward VIII. He is 39.



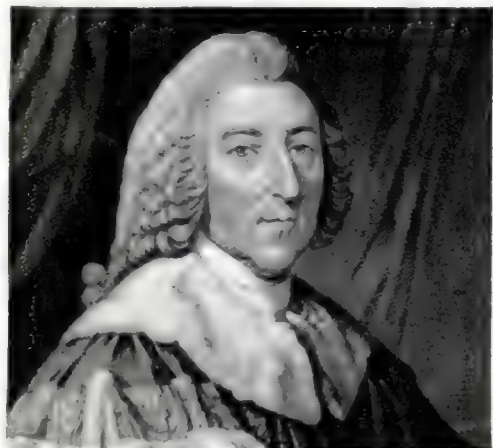
The Leader of the Opposition, Laborite Clement Richard Attlee, is as loyal to His Majesty as His Majesty's Government.

PARLIAMENT'S PREMIERS

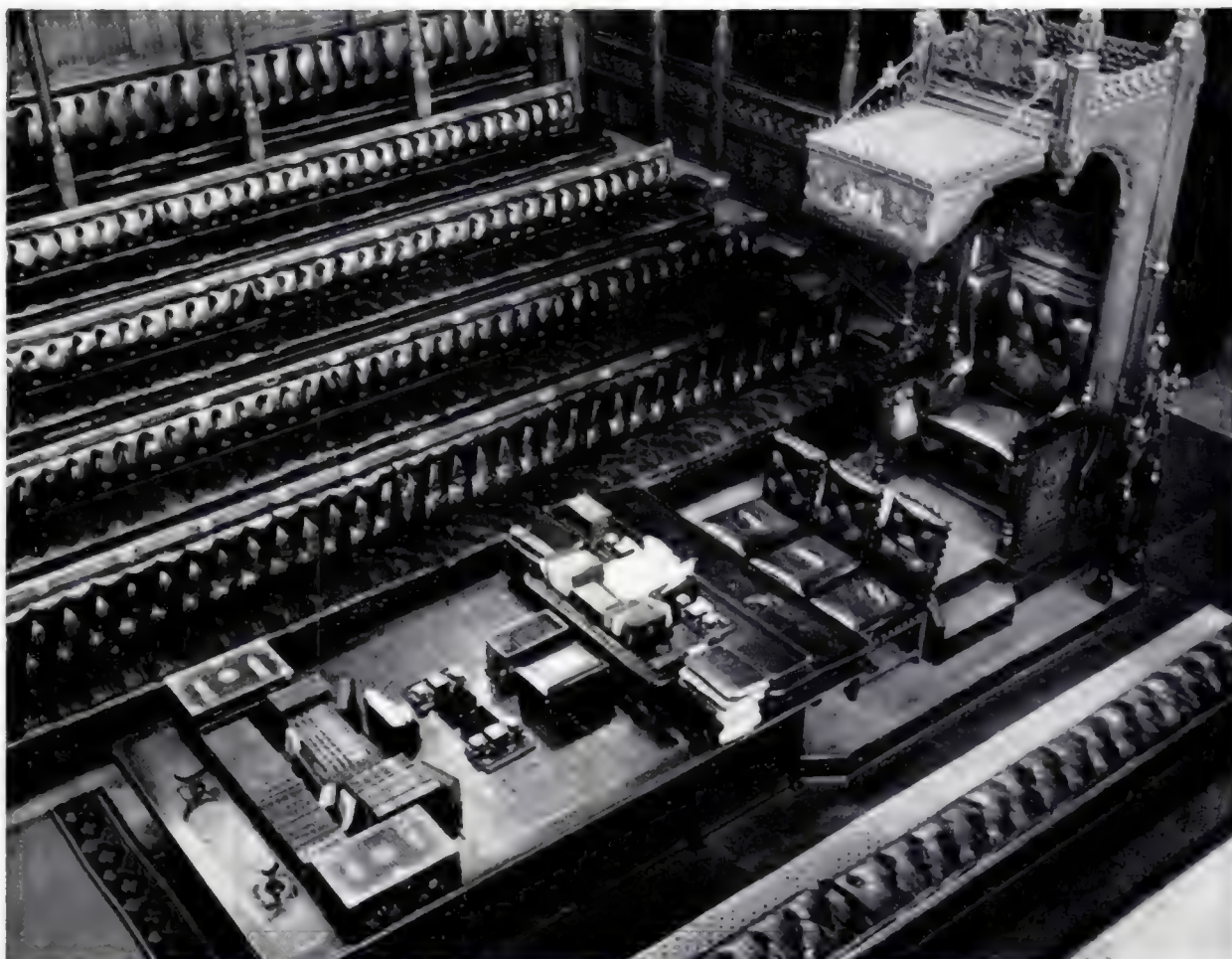
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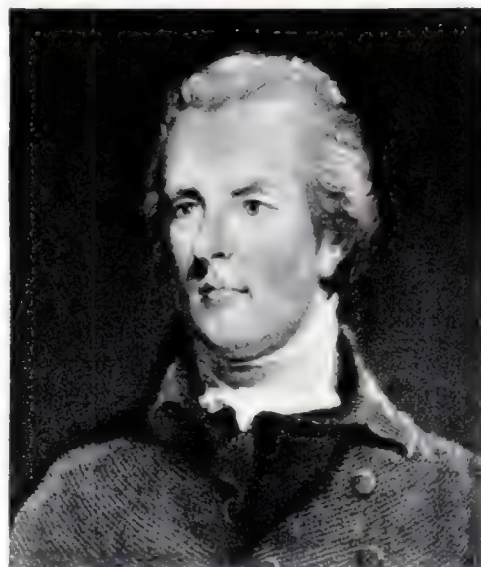
Robert Walpole was England's first modern political boss and Prime Minister. He held office for 20 years (1721-42), a strong Premier under two weak Monarchs (George I and George II). "Every man has his price," was his famous phrase.



The Earl of Chatham, William Pitt, was England's most acclaimed orator. He fought France, laid the basis for Britain's Empire, opposed with all his eloquence dictatorial King George III who made a fiasco out of trying to run England himself.



THE HOUSE HAS NEVER BEEN PHOTOGRAPHED WHILE IN SESSION



William Pitt, second son of the Earl of Chatham, was England's youngest Prime Minister. He entered the House of Commons at 21, became Premier at 24, led England to war over Napoleon and, a famed two-bottle man, died of gout at 47.



Robert Peel, first of a long line of great Victorian Premiers, exemplified the integrity which the world attaches to English public life. He repealed the corn laws, thereby striking a blow at the landed gentry at the cost of his future.

DEBATES between England's great Parliamentarians take place in the narrow space around the House of Commons table (*abore*). This most famous of all forums is no bigger than a good-sized living room. On the first bench to the speaker's right, called the Government Bench, sit—or rather, slouch—the leading pro-Government constituents, their feet jacked up against the table. Lesser members crowd, as best they can, into rear seats. Across the aisle sits His Majesty's Loyal Opposition. All may wear their hats in session, but unlike U.S. Congressmen, may not read newspapers. When one of

George III was the last English king who seriously challenged Parliament. He fought the two foremost Prime Ministers of his reign, drove one to heartbreak, the other to drink. As every school-boy knows, he caused the American Revolution.

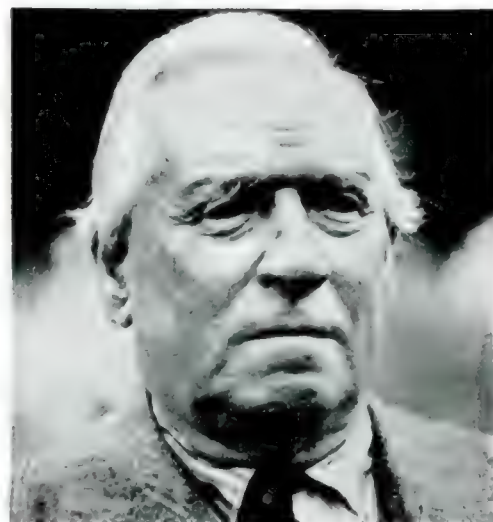




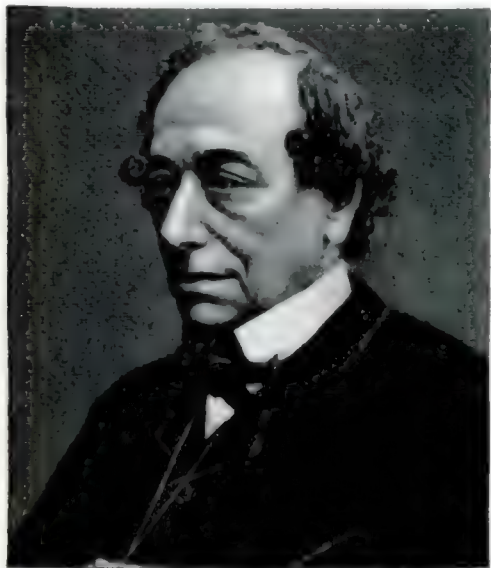
A CINEMA STUDIO BUILT AND PEOPLED THIS REPRODUCTION FOR THE FILMING OF "THE MASQUERADER."



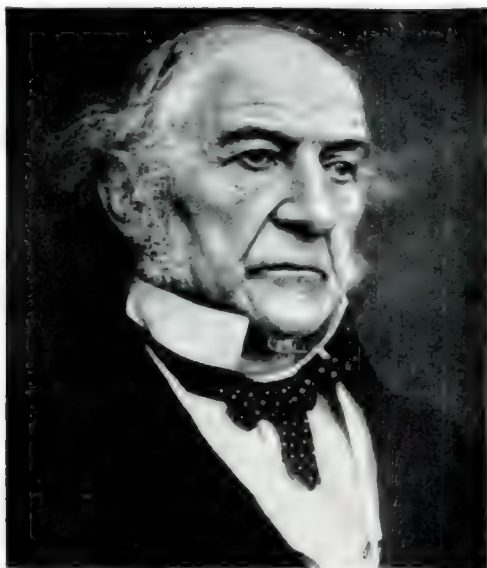
David Lloyd George was the first really poor boy to get to No. 10 Downing Street. In obscurity he mastered Parliament's art of debate, fought his way up to become England's first Radical Chancellor of the Exchequer, later her great War Premier.



Herbert Asquith typified a long century during which brainy young men went straight from Oxford to Parliament. With the help of Lloyd George and George V, he stripped the House of Lords of veto power, divorced it completely from the budget.



Benjamin Disraeli was Queen Victoria's favorite Prime Minister. A christened Jew, an eccentric, a dandy, a staunch believer in church, throne, and aristocracy, he bought the Suez Canal, gave his admiring Queen the title of Empress of India.



William Gladstone was the great 19th Century reformer. Four times Prime Minister under Queen Victoria, he gained her respect, never her favor. Among many famous rivalries in Parliament, most famous is that between Gladstone and Disraeli.

them wishes to speak he stands beside the brass-bound dispatch boxes originally used for messages from the King. Though he may pace up and down—if protruding legs permit—he may not step beyond a red line in the carpet intended to keep him out of sword's reach from the Opposition. He is likewise forbidden to touch the mace, symbol of Parliamentary authority, which rests on two brass prongs at the end of the table while Parliament convenes. At other times it is hidden under the table. To vote, M. P.'s file into two lobbies flanking the chamber—the ayes to the west, the nays to the east.

Edward VII was the last Royal Englishman to live in extravagant royal style. He traveled with an army of retainers, dressed and dined in splendor. A wise statesman, he made friendship with France, changed English foreign policy.

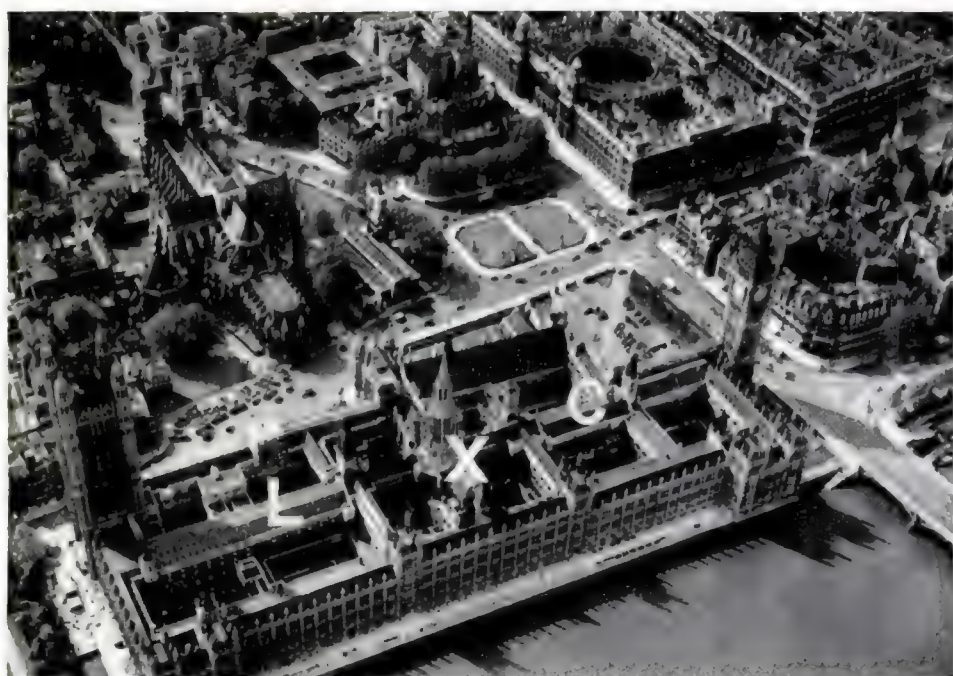




BOADICEA, WARRIOR QUEEN OF BRITAIN, DRIVES A CHARIOT TOWARD THE CLOCK TOWER



THE LORD CHANCELLOR

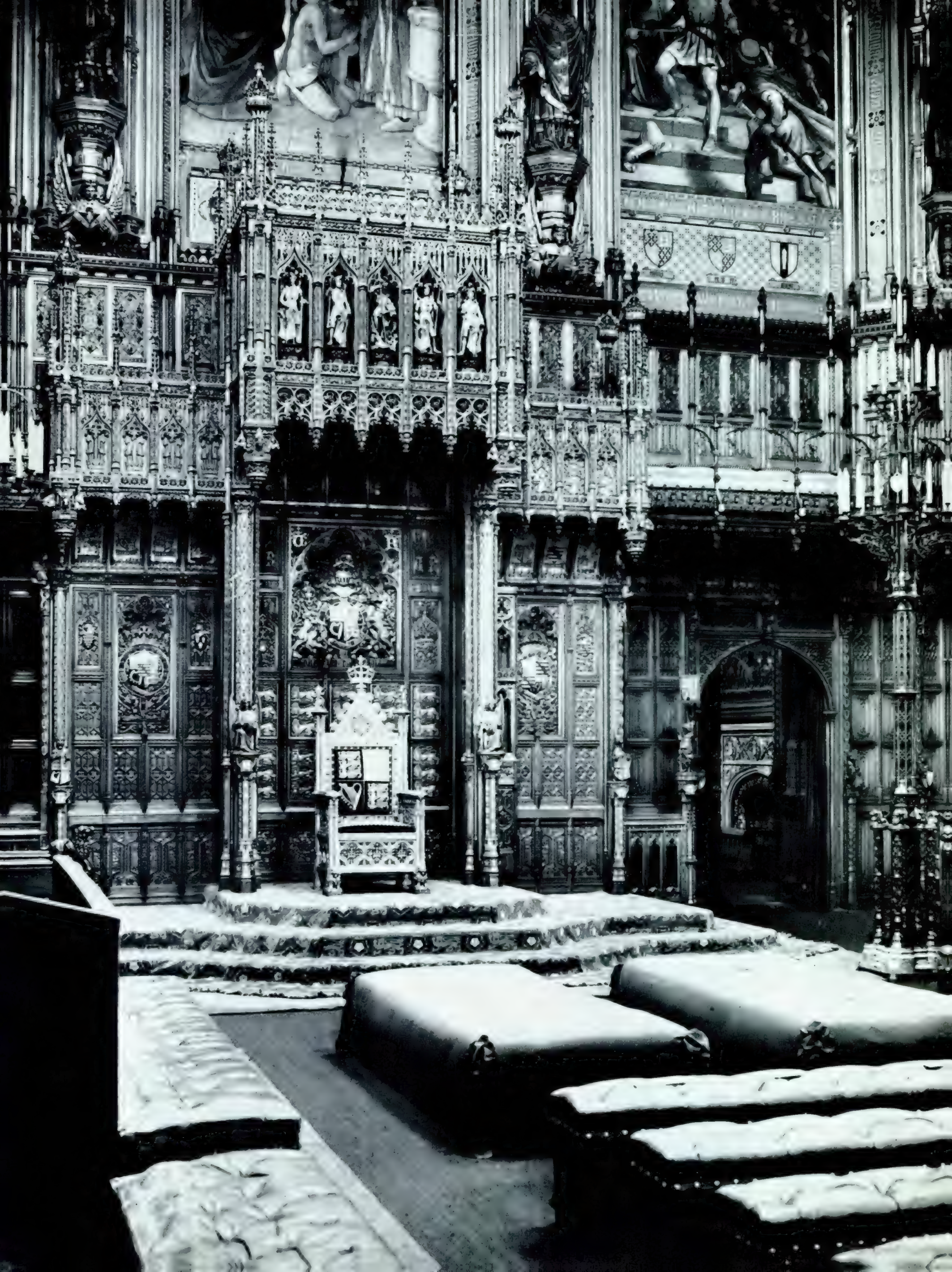


The House of Lords sits in the southern quadrangle of Parliament (L), on the opposite side of Central Hall (X) from the House of Commons (C).

PARLIAMENT (CONTINUED)

The House of Lords

WHEN the King opens Parliament he sits in the House of Lords on the throne shown opposite. It stands on a dais at the far south end, beneath three frescoes from the lives of English Monarchs. Statues of the 18 barons who forced King John to sign the Magna Charta fill niches above him. Before his throne, separated during sessions by a gilded railing, is the woosack, a cushioned ottoman occupied by the Lord Chancellor, presiding officer over the Lords. At present he is Lord Hailsham, shown above in official wig and robe. Britain's 740 peers sit on bright red leather benches down the center, each seat designated by a card. Should King Edward marry, his Queen will occupy a second throne, an inch lower than his, on the dais beside him.



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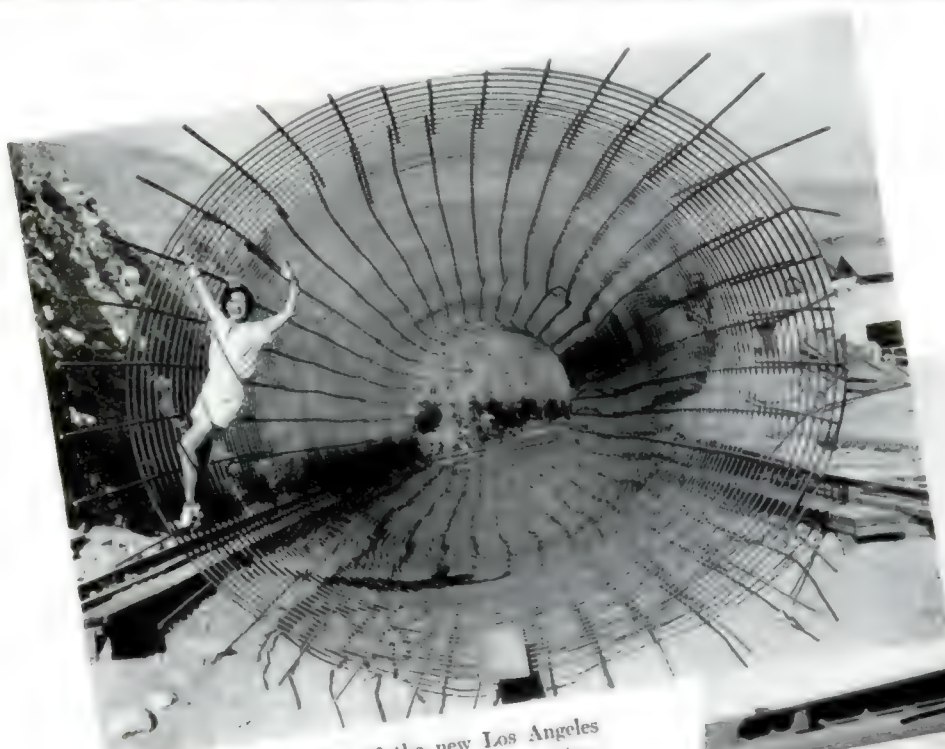


Even non-fishermen can feel the lift which the presence of Miss Wanda Mae Woods gives to this

picture of the first Silver King tarpon caught in a recent Texas Tarpon Rodeo in the Gulf of Mexico.



Publicity men flourish even in skeptical Paris, as witness this study of a flying French acrobat and his nightclub goose.



It is hard to find a shot of the new Los Angeles aqueduct without a girl decorating the construction.



Two beautiful bundlers appropriately illustrate the sleeping-car feature of the 1937 Nash LaFayette sedan.



No lovers of the humdrum, 150 members of the Atlantic City Chamber of Commerce, bound for Pennsylvania

to sell the advantages of their city as a vacation spot travel in a special train whose cars are appropriate

PUBLICATION

AMONG the camera's most inventive users are those who turn publicity into news pictures. LIFE would be remiss in its duty as a picture magazine if it did not present samples of their skill. Herewith a selection from several weeks' culling. More will appear from time to time in future issues.



To help out what might have been a conventional picture in the University of Minnesota yearbook, the Assistant Director of Athletics obligingly posed with a skeleton.



Painted with the Atlantic City sky line and a bathing girl. En route the boosters distributed five tons of beach sand to grateful kiddies.



Conservative England well knows the sweet arts of publicity, offers this shot of Miss Dorothy Henham, carnival queen of Haversham, Kent, kicking off in a football game.



Elvin Hutchinson, Whittier College ace quarterback, may be a leading scorer and a triple-threat man on Southern California Conference's champion team, but the real purpose of the picture

(above) is to interest Whittier and non-Whittier men alike in Universal's new screen actress Marthan O'Driscoll, who has never caught a forward pass in her pretty young life.

THIS CHRISTMAS
Give AN



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CANDID CAMERA

EVERYBODY WANTS ONE!

This year give a gift everybody wants—one so new there's little chance of duplication.

Put the ARGUS CANDID CAMERA on your gift list—it will bring a lifetime of thrilling picture-taking.

The ARGUS is easily handled—it can be used to take those natural, unposed pictures that everyone prizes.

The ARGUS has a fast triple-anastigmat f 4.5 lens that takes sharp night shots and pictures on rainy, cloudy days—shutter speeds 1/25 to 1/200 second for catching fast action. Also Time and Bulb. Only two focus settings, far and near, simplify operation. Uses inexpensive 35 mm. motion picture film, 36 exposures per loading—costs less than a cent a negative if you load your own. Also, takes pictures on the new natural colorfilm now available.

Give the gift of the year—**\$12.50** an ARGUS CANDID CAMERA. See it at any Camera Shop or write for literature. A complete line of ARGUS accessories is available, also.

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*Good Fortune,
Good Cheer,
A Happy Life!*

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ENGLISH HOLLY sprigs fresh from the

**Christmas Hedge
of Happiness**

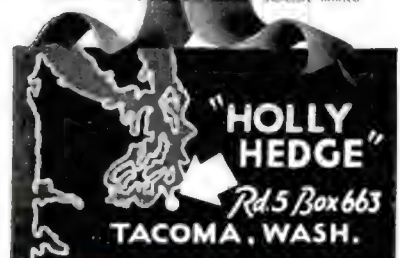
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OF HAPPINESS—IT IS
THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

\$1.00 box (12"x6"x3 1/2")
\$2.00 box (18"x8"x4")

Post paid to send your friends with a card telling
the age old story of Holly's Christmas Cheer

Be sure to specify which size box you want sent to
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Order now as delivery is made season (for 30
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LIFE

Vol. I, No. 4

Dec. 14, 1936

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Speaking of Pictures	2
Gus Gennerich at Rio.	9
President Roosevelt at Rio	10
LIFE on the American Newsfront.	12
Six Day Race	16
Battle of the Fence	18
Dress Designer	20
Surrealism.	24
Life Class	28
Lost Horizon.	30
Mrs. Simpson	34
Depressed Areas	40
Gold	44
Camera Overseas.	48
Mother of Parliaments	52
Released for Publication	58
Mt. Mystery	61
LIFE Goes to a Party	64

THE FRONT COVER IS A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY FROM PICTURES INC.

EDITORS: Henry R. Luce, John Shaw Billings, Daniel Longwell, John S. Martin.

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CIRCULATION OFFICE: 350 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Illinois.

U. S. EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES: 135 East 42nd Street, New York. London
Editorial office: Dean House, 4 Dean Street, London. Paris Editorial office: 21 Rue de Berri
Paris.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One year in the U. S. and Possessions, \$3.50; in Canada and
Countries of the Pan-American Postal Union, \$5.00; elsewhere, \$7.00.

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THOMAS D. MCAVOY was able to
take the exclusive photographs on pages
9-11 because he was the guest in Rio
De Janeiro of Senor Oswaldo Aranha,
Brazil's Ambassador to the U. S.

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18—R. M. LUSTER—INGERSOLL—BERNICE
ABBOTT
19—P. I. (2)—W. W., RALPH E. BUELL, P. I.
20, 21, 22, 23—ANDRÉ DA MIANO
24—MUSEUM OF MODERN ART *exc. pic. of
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25, 26, 27—MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
28, 29—P. I.
30, 31, 32, 33—COLUMBIA PICTURES CORP.
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36—INT. *exc. 2nd row rt.* W. W.
37—W. W.—P. I., W. W., P. I.—ACME, P. I.
38—P. I. (3)—*wax works* KEYSTONE—W.
W., INT.—P. I. (2), INT.
39—P. I.
40, 41, 42—B. S.—GIRIX
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45, 46, 47—MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE
48—P. I. (2)—P. I., TOPICAL PRESS, P. I.
49—TRIANGLE PHOTO SERVICE (3)—INT.,
P. I.
50—P. I., *exc. 2nd row rt.* INT.
51—W. W. (2), *l. rt.* P. I.
52—P. I.—SOBELMAN, ACME, KEYSTONE
53—P. I.—KEYSTONE, P. I. (2)
54—KEYSTONE, JARCHE—N. Y. PUBLIC
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BRARY, KEYSTONE—*l. rt.* KEYSTONE
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61—WM. B. HOUSE
62—KODATONE *exc. l. l. center* WM. HOUSE
63—E. WOOLSEY (2 *at rt.*), KODATONE *l.*
64—KARGER-PIX *exc. l. l.* MARTIN MUNKÁCSI
65—KARGER-PIX
66—KARGER-PIX *exc. center* MUNKÁCSI
67—KARGER-PIX *exc. l. rt.* MUNKÁCSI
68—MARTIN MUNKÁCSI

ABBREVIATIONS: EXC., EXCEPT; L.L., LOWER
LEFT; RT., RIGHT; INT., INTERNATIONAL; P. I.,
PICTURES INC.; W. W., WIDE WORLD.



THIS MAN CLIMBED MT. MYSTERY FIRST

EVERY mountain climber worth his salt wants to be the first to reach the summit of an unclimbed mountain. Each year scores of hardy young adventurers go to the world's wildest places, there to put a virgin peak beneath their tired feet. American climbers have, within the last year or two, made the discovery that they have some of the toughest of unclimbed mountains right in their own backyard. Two weeks ago LIFE showed Mapmaker Walter Wood's conquest of Mt. Steele in the Canadian Yukon. This week LIFE records in pictures Fritz Wiessner's spectacular

scramble up Mt. Mystery, highest peak in the British Columbia Coast Range. No by-product of photogrammetry, this 13,260-ft. climb proved nothing more than that unclimbed Mt. Mystery could be climbed. Discovered in 1925, and now called Mt. Waddington, this forbidding peak had successfully repelled 16 assaults in ten years. Down its icy side Alex Dalgleish of Vancouver slid to his death in 1934. Last July 21st Mt. Mystery finally fell before the 20-year climbing experience of Fritz Wiessner who in the picture above is standing on its summit.

THE CONQUEST OF MT.

"UNCLIMBABLE," said experts of Mt. Mystery in British Columbia. Undismayed by this opinion were four members of the American Alpine Club: Miss Elizabeth Woolsey, best woman skier in North America; William House, 23, Yale graduate student; Alanson Willcox, 34, Washington lawyer, and Leader Fritz Wiessner. All four were crack mountain climbers. Establishing a base camp on Lower Dais Glacier in early July, they met another party also bent on being the first up Mt. Mystery. Mountain climbing's vague code of ethics gave this party prior right to risk their necks. As they made a brief, unsuccessful attempt, Wiessner and his friends erected a shelter 2,500 ft. below the summit. When the other party failed to gain the peak, they sportingly waved Wiessner and House through. Roped together, this intrepid pair started up the main couloir between the two peaks, returned that afternoon with reports of loose rocks, incredibly steep and glazed with ice. At 2:45 a. m. the next day they attacked the exposed south side along a steep ice gully. By noon they reached the final rock wall below the main tower. At 3:40 p. m., after scrambling up broken rotten rock and slippery overhangs, they reached the snow-covered wind-swept summit, so small that only one of them could stand there at a time. Twenty minutes later, after erecting a triumphant stone cairn on an exposed ridge, the successful climbers started down again.



William House (left) traverses a rock ledge. Fritz Wiessner (right) pauses to rest 150 ft. below Mystery's summit.



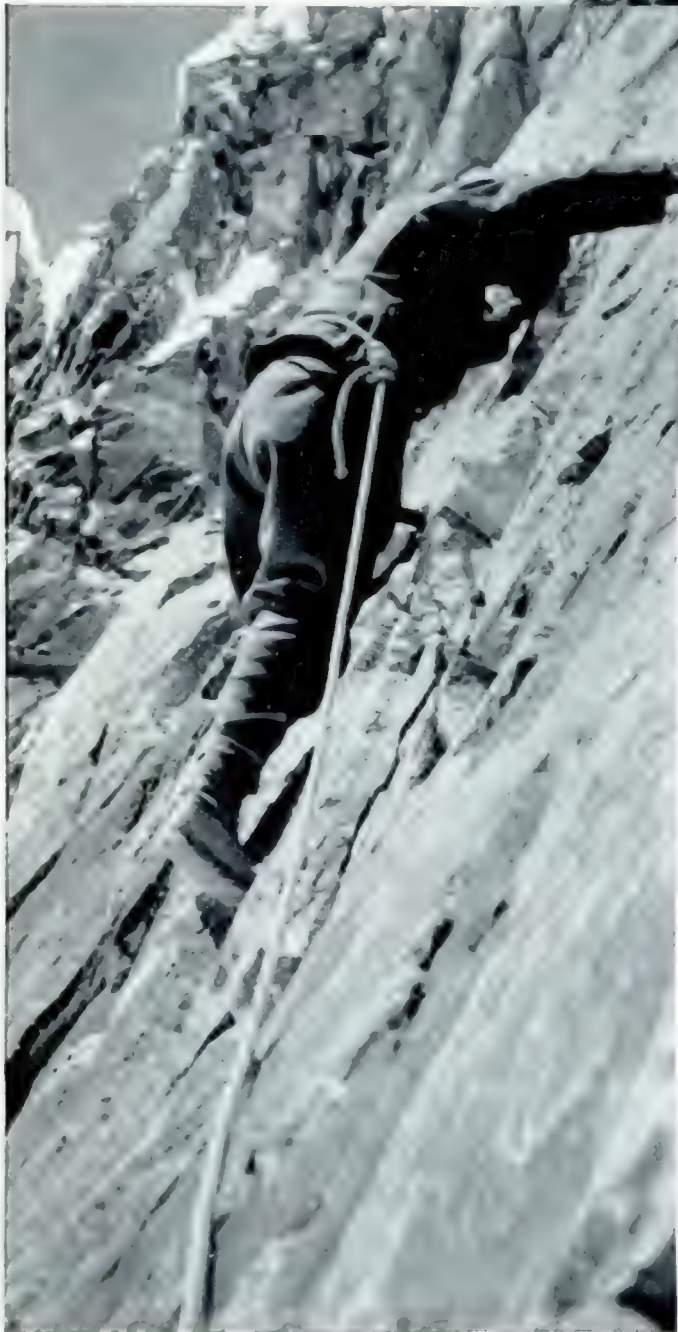
Alanson Willcox and Leader Wiessner construct a shelter (above). Miss Woolsey (below) follows them to higher places.



MYSTERY (CONTINUED)



This is Mt. Mystery. X marks the upper camp from which the south peak (*right*) was climbed.



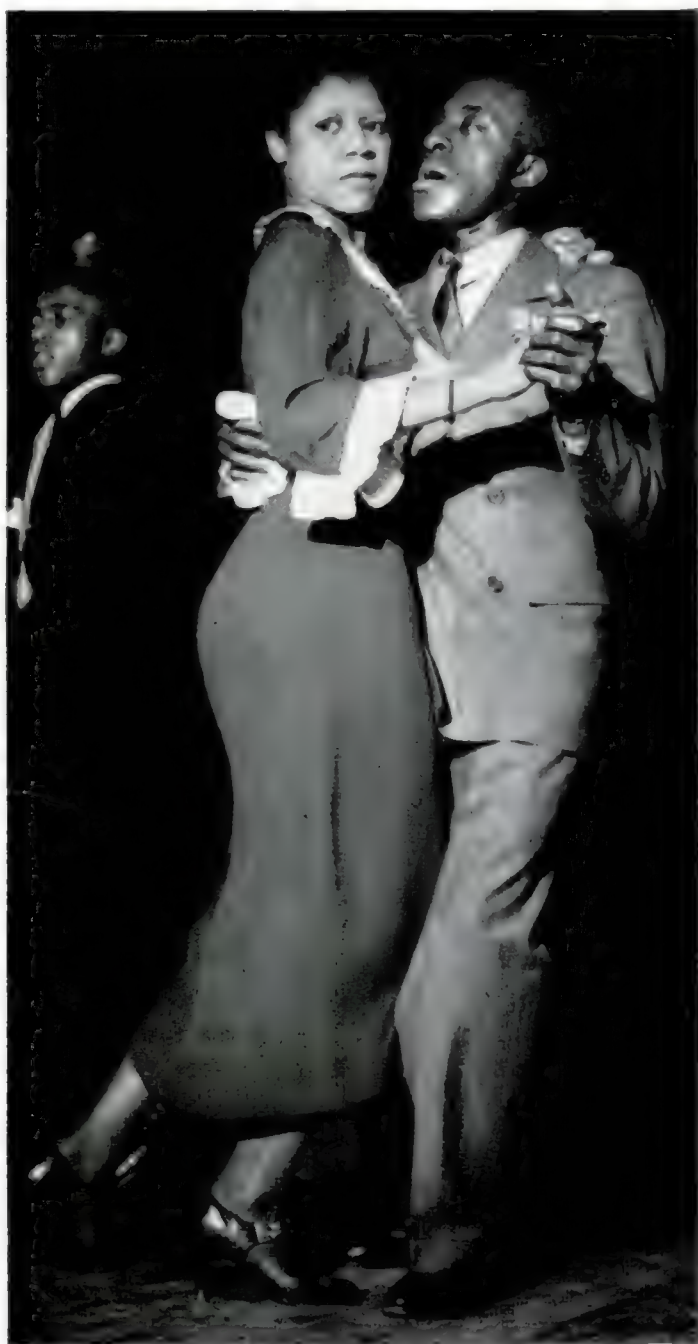
900 ft. from the summit, Wiessner changed his hob-nailed boots to rope-soled espadrilles, cautiously worked his way along the difficult rock of the upper part of the south face. This remarkable photograph was taken by William House.

Early morning photograph of Leader Wiessner pushing his way through deep soft snow with equipment for the small shelter (X in top picture) at the foot of the south face of Mt. Mystery. In the background, veiled by clouds, looms his goal.





For lonely black boys Harlem's Savoy Ballroom provides these dusky hostesses, chosen for their looks, dancing ability and sense of decorum.



Current favorite at the Savoy is the Lindy Hop, a complicated affair which gives the couple above a chance to do practically everything from solo steps to an Apache twosome. Like many another trick dance, including Trucking and the Susie-Q, the Lindy Hop originated at the Savoy, was named, for no good reason, after Charles Augustus Lindbergh.

Life Goes to a Party

At the Savoy with the boys and girls of Harlem.

MOST densely populated section of New York City is Negro Harlem. Most densely populated square block in Harlem—nearly 4,000 residents—is at 142nd Street and Lenox Avenue. A block and a half south is the Savoy Ballroom, Harlem's most densely populated dance hall. It attracts some 500,000 paying guests a year, grosses

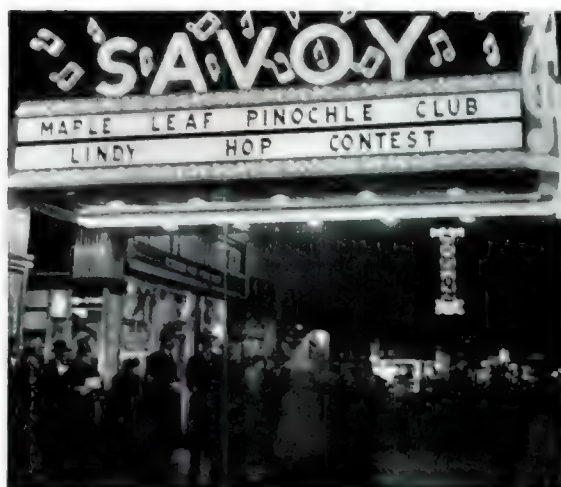
\$275,000 annually, has 150 people on its payroll, pays its two orchestras \$1,200 a week, its black manager \$100 a week, provides over \$100,000 a year for its white owners. Opened in 1926, the Savoy is noted for its barbaric dancing, its absence of brawls, its 15% white clientele. Harlem calls it "the home of happy feet."



The Lindy Hop in a stomping phase. Savoyites often turn professional, become cabaret dancers.



Happy extraverts between 17 and 40 are Savoy habitués like these.



Saturday night brings a Lindy Hop Contest, \$40 in prizes.



Out-of-town bachelors line up here.

Except for an occasional slumming party, Harlem's social set looks down its black nose at the Savoy. But porters, maids, cooks and elevator boys flock there nightly to shuffle, stomp and have great good fun in a well-ventilated ballroom 200 by 75 ft. Since Depression, the regular admission price has been dropped from 60¢ to 40¢ (except Saturdays). Smart patrons get in for 20¢ once a week by joining clubs like the Lindy Hop Club, the 400 Club or the Old Timers, which enjoy half-price privileges on certain nights. Redecorated last summer at a reputed cost of \$50,000, the Savoy now boasts indirect lighting, modernistic furniture, and a pink color scheme which is supposed to be especially flattering to black backs.

A signature which is the seal of protection for the four and one half million policyholders of the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston, Massachusetts.

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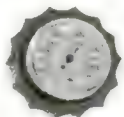
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Life's Party (CONTINUED)



These single girls on pleasure bent at the Savoy may dress as they please, make friends with whom they choose, help judge dance contests. Often they prefer to watch their friends cavorting than to dance themselves.



A jungle dance in its wilder manifestations, the Lindy Hop is best done to swing music—which, according to Harlemites, "makes one want to lindy." Chick Webb's and Billy Hicks' bands alternately supply the music.



"The cats are hoppin'" is the way the lively scene at right is described at Harlem's premier dance hall. The Savoy is open until 3 a. m., but around midnight a fine frenzy is well under way and "the place starts to hop."



All-female couples (above) are not an uncommon sight at the Savoy despite the large stag line. Mixed black-and-white dancing is also allowed and visitors see a good deal of it.



This high-swinging team (above), on the basis of the audience's applause, has just been awarded one of the three Lindy Hop contest prizes and is now giving a special exhibition as an encore.



Hopping and hooting (right) at the Savoy causes many a white fun-seeker from downtown to look on in admiration at the Negroes' contortions.



Just Published—the what, the why, and the how-to-do-it of successful public speaking

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By E. St. Elmo Lewis

IN thirty years of intensely active professional and business life, E. St. Elmo Lewis has made over 2,000 speeches, to audiences of every kind. He has watched several thousand fellow-speakers "strut their stuff." And now, from this background of personal experience and observation, he has written *Going to Make a Speech?*

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Life's Party (CONTINUED)



Informal rather than rowdy is the Savoy, biggest and far and away the best-liked dance hall in Harlem. It caters mostly to younger Negroes, serves beer and wine but no hard liquor. But the black boys and girls, as this picture attests, require no great alcoholic stimulant in order to find ways to keep busy and amused between dances. "A kiss can be more dangerous than a bomb" a public health official announced recently. If so, the Savoy is a very dangerous place. As unselfconscious in their kissing as in their dancing, Savoy customers seek no secluded corners for their fun.

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